



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

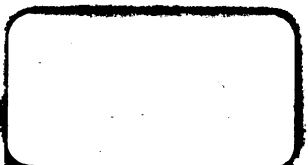
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

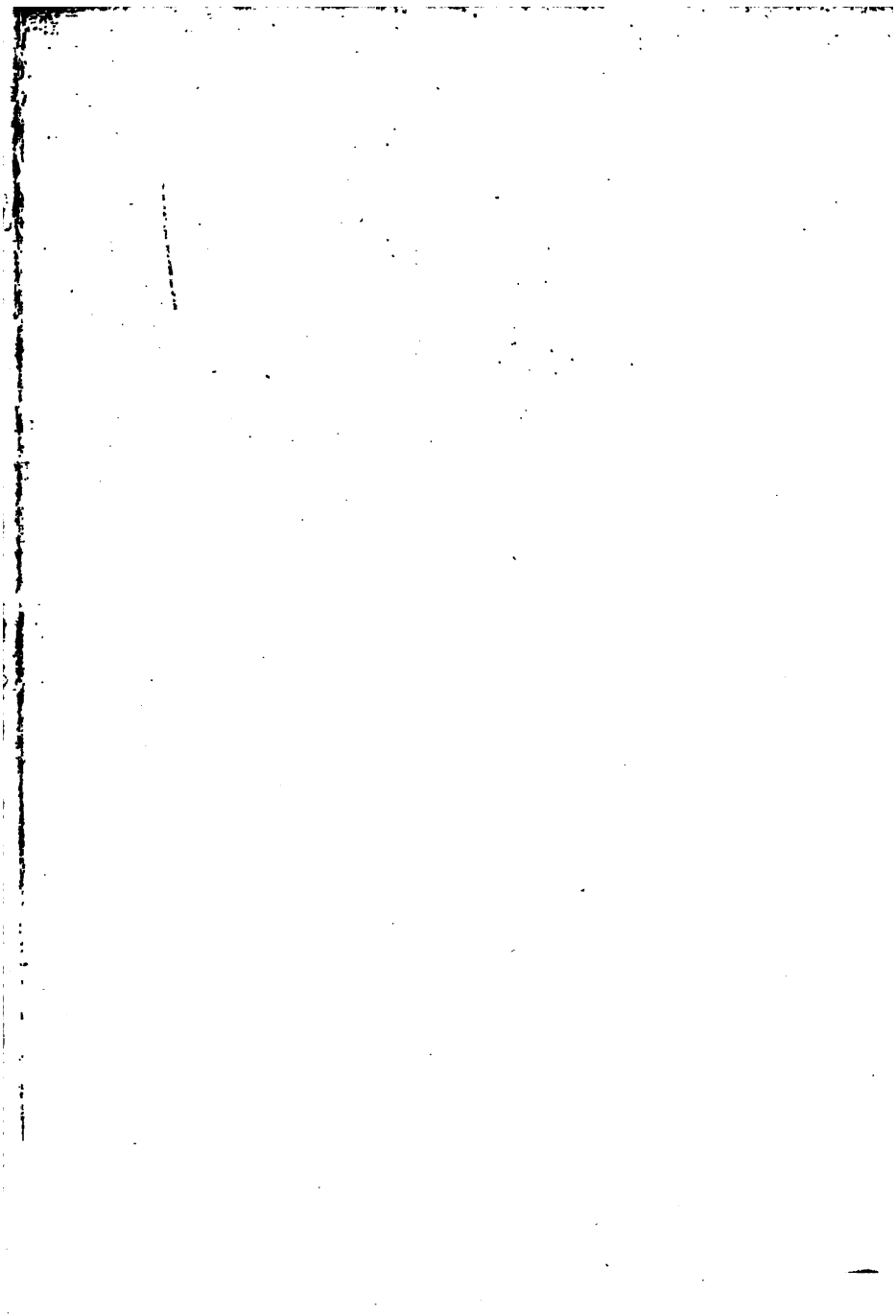
We also ask that you:

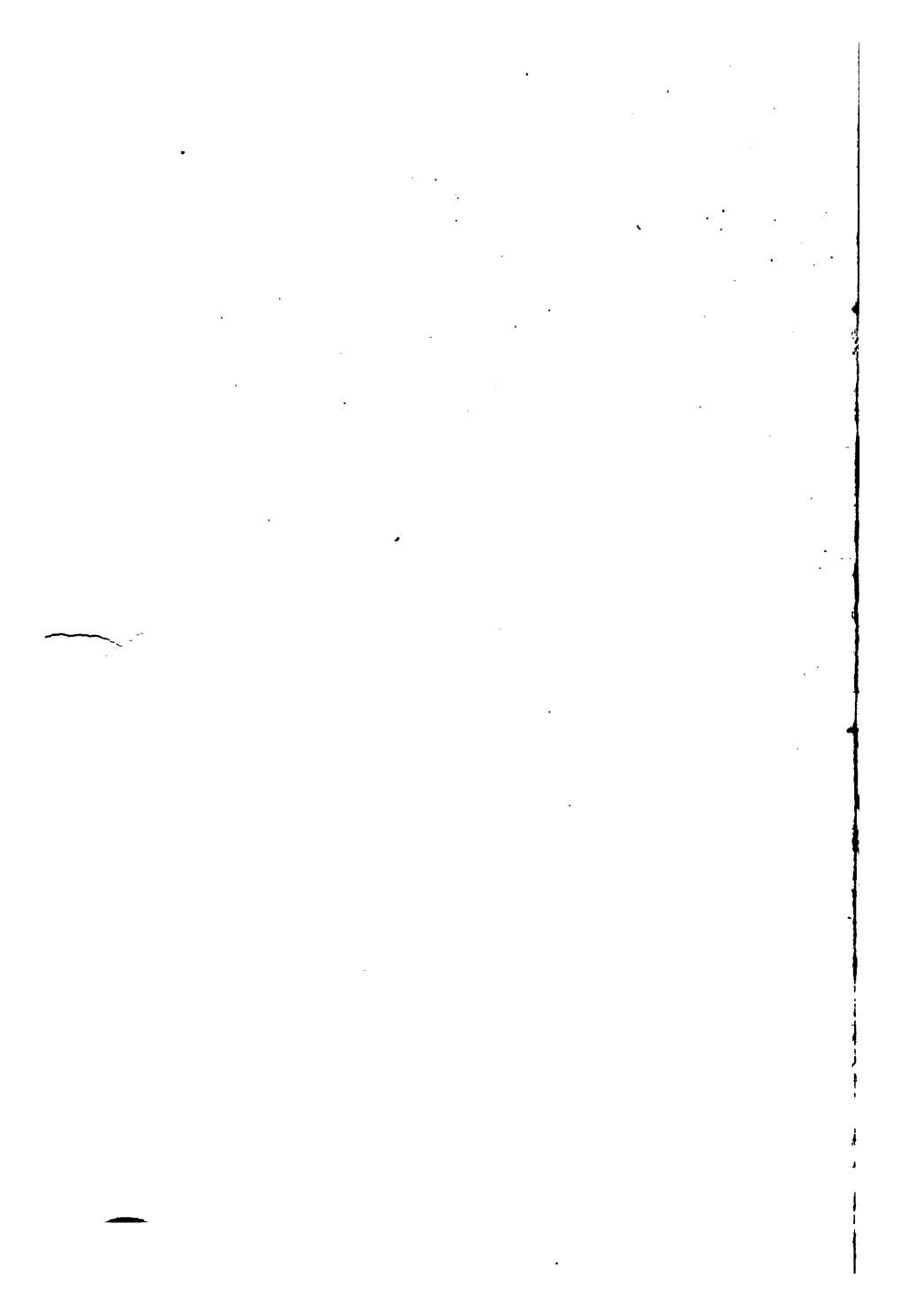
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>









LYRICS OF THE LINKS



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
DALLAS • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD
TORONTO



West

NAEM



LYRICS OF THE LINKS

COMPILED BY
HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE M. RICHARDS



*O thou Golfnia, Goddess of these plains!
Great Patroness of Goff! Indulge these strata.*
THOMAS MATHISON, Edinburgh, 1743.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK MCMXXI

All rights reserved

R. P. 1921
NEW YORK
NEW YORK
NEW YORK

24877A

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

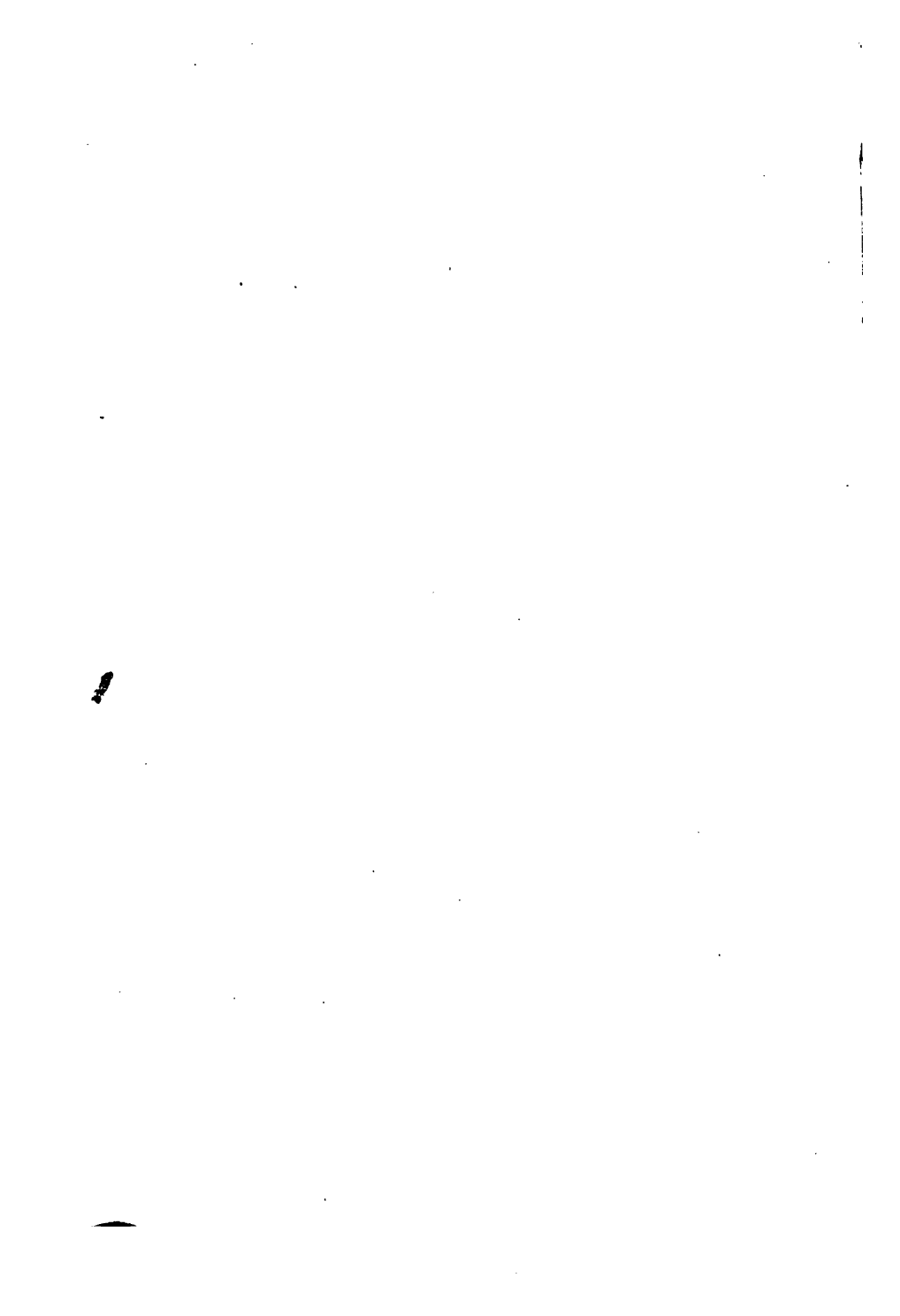
COPYRIGHT, 1921,
By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped. Published May, 1921.

Press of
J. J. Little & Ives Company
New York, U. S. A.

To
ALL LOVERS OF THE GAME

Wm 8/25/21



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE game of golf, with its freedom, fascination and companionship, has found plentiful expression in lyric form. This compilation is due to a desire to give permanency to verses which have hitherto appeared only in fugitive fashion—verses which appeal to every lover of the game because they are inspired by sentiment, humor, wisdom and experience, and, above all, by a spirit of keen enjoyment and enthusiasm. The work has been made possible through permission generously accorded to reprint copyrighted material by The American Golfer, Golfer's Magazine, Golf Illustrated, Brooklyn Life, The Century, Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers of "The Winning Shot" by Grantland Rice and Jerome D. Travers; Harper & Bros., former publishers of Golf; Clinton Scollard, John Kendrick Bangs, Edwin L. Sabin, Philander Johnson, Edgar A. Guest, S. E. Kiser and many others. Due acknowledgment of this courtesy is hereby made.



GOLF is a game in which attitude of mind counts for incomparably more than mightiness of muscle. Given an equality of strength and skill, the victory in golf will be to him who is Captain of his Soul. Give me a clear eye, a healthy liver, a strong will, a collected mind, and a conscience void of offence both toward God and toward men, and I will back the pygmy against the giant. Golf is a test, not so much of the muscle, or even of the brain and nerves of a man, as it is a test of his inmost veriest self; of his soul and spirit; of his whole character and disposition; of his temperament; of his habit of mind; of the entire content of his mental and moral nature as handed down to him by unnumbered multitudes of ancestors.

“The Mystery of Golf,”

By Arnold Haultain.





Lyrics of the Links

A GOLF SONG

WHEN the world in Spring is smiling,
And the heart of man is young,
Is there aught that's more beguiling,
All terrestrial joys among,
Than to roam o'er grass and heather,
Or along a sandy shore,
Be it fair or frowning weather,
With a golf ball on before.
Then hey! for the drive from the tee;
For the links by the sounding sea;
And the wide sand dune,
It is never too soon,
And golf is the game for me!

Summer claims our glad ovation,
And the heart of man is strong;
What is better in creation
Than the golf links all day long?
Throw aside your cares and worries
At the radiant sun's behest;
Every wise man surely hurries
To the green he loves the best.
Then hey! for the drive from the tee;
For the links by the sounding sea;
It is never too hot,
Be it June or not,
And golf is the game for me!

Though the Autumn days are shorter
And our strength is on the wane,
By the briny salt sea-water
Let us all play golf again.
Though cold fogs and winds assail us,
We shall never feel the chill;
Though the summer sunshine fail us,
We will seek the green links still.
Then hey! for the drive from the tee;
For the links by the sounding sea;
For it's never so gray
As to spoil your play,
And golf is the game for me!

When the year is nearly ended,
In the Winter of our days,
Let our strength be still expended
On the game beyond all praise.
Though the sun in glory waneth,
And the leaves are sere and dun,
Make the most of what remaineth,
Play until the round is won.
Then hey! for the drive from the tee;
For the links by the sounding sea;
For it's never too cold,
And we're never too old,
And golf is the game for me!

Rose Champion de Crespigny.

BUNKER WISDOM.

PLAYING from the bunker sand,
Never press or try for length;
Keep your temper all in hand,
Playing from the bunker sand.
Use the skill at your command
To get clear. Don't waste your strength.
Playing from the bunker sand;
Never press or try for length.

Anonymous.

ON THE LINKS

SHE is surprising fair, and so
 I linger still her face to see,
 And oft I sigh, for well I know
 She dreams of golf and not of me.
 I seek to babble and be gay;

Her eye from mine no rapture drinks;
 I cannot lure her thoughts away;
 Her mind is ever on the links.

I brought a book: 'twas leather bound;
 I'd never sighted it before;
 Its pages yellow, yet profound,
 Were filled with zoologic lore.

"What creatures, pray, do you like best?"
 Quoth I. (My voice to pathos sinks.)
 She smiles and says, "More than the rest,
 I think I should prefer the lynx."

An hour we wandered through the grove;
 I said that I'd her caddie be
 If she would but consent to rove
 A little while that way with me.
 The birds sang loud. "What birds," I cry,
 "Are sweetest to your ears?" The mix,
 Without a pause, gave me reply:
 "My favorite birds are bob-o-links."

And then I turned to literature.
My heart awoke to cynic glee,
For on that topic I was sure
Her thought by mine must guided be.
"What books most please your gentle taste?"
Her steadfast eye she never winks.
I'm vanquished. I retire in haste.
She simply answers, "Maeterlinck's."

Philander Johnson.

WHEN THE CADDIE IS OVER THE HILL

THE links are a vision of purple and brown,
Where curious ventures befall;
O'er slope and o'er level, o'er crest and o'er down,
We follow the mischievous ball.
The sun is aslant on the dunes and the gorse;
I see, with a mystical thrill,
A "hazard" that waits near the end of the course,
When the caddie is over the hill.
Oh, dear little figure in scarlet and blue,
With graces bewitching endowed,
'Mid drives and 'mid fozzles, I wonder, do you
Consider the caddie a crowd?
Is it golf, do you think, to whose magic we yield?
Can golf such enchantment instil?
Will what I am asking be sweetly revealed
When the caddie is over the hill?

The caddie, a laddie more faithful than wise,
With ears of capacity strange;
With sharp, telescopic and argus-like eyes,
Possessed of embarrassing range—
I wonder if he has the shrewdness to know
I'm biding the moment until
'Tis proper we pause in the valley below,
When the caddie is over the hill?

The links are a glory of marvellous green.
Who says it is late in the year?
Why, Spring has returned! Just for lovers, I ween,
The larks and the cowslips are here.
For, ah, I have learned from the lips of the maid
She fully agrees, with a will,
That ours is a game most entrancingly played,
When the caddie is over the hill.

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE GOLF FIEND

HE is seldom home to supper; if he does come, he is
late;
The kitchen floor needs painting but the kitchen floor
must wait.

The screens are in the attic and the storm door should
come off,
But father's only rooming here, now that he's playing
golf.

He's ceased to dig the garden and he's packed the
tools away;
He says he'll hire a man to plant the flowers we want
some day.

At those who toil for exercise he's started in to scoff,
The stylish way to get it, father says, is playing golf.

He used to call men foolish when they raved about the
links,
But since he's been converted, it's a splendid game, he
thinks.
He is out there every Sunday and each afternoon he's
off;
Ma's a widow and we're orphans since he started play-
ing golf.

Anonymous.

THE DUB'S LAMENT

I AM an awful duffer,
I've never gained renown;
The caddies call me London Bridge—
I'm always falling down!

Anonymous.

THE GOLFER'S PRAYER

I do not ask for strength to drive
Three hundred yards and straight;
I do not ask to make in five
A hole that's bogey eight.

I do not want a skill in play
Which others can't attain;
I plead but for one Saturday
On which it doesn't rain.

Ring W. Lardner.



WHY?

WHY, when the sun is gold,
The weather fine,
The air (this phrase is old)
Like Gascon wine;—

Why, when the leaves are red,
And yellow, too,
And when (as has been said)
The skies are blue;—

Why, when all things promote
One's peace and joy—
A joy that is (to quote)
Without alloy;—

Why, when a man's well off,
Happy and gay,
Why must he go play golf
And spoil his day?

Bert Leston Taylor.



MICKEY NOLAN

MICKEY NOLAN was a caddie,
Blessed by philosophic grace—
Such a merry little laddie,
With a freckled, sun-burned face.
If I lost a hole while playing,
Mickey trotted out his text,
Not the faintest doubt betraying,
“Sure, we’ll get ’em at the next.”
Scores of times we tramped together
Through the fairway to the green,
In the best and worst of weather,
Mickey serious and keen.
Though the luck was going badly,
Mickey never seemed perplexed,
But would tell me, grinning gladly,
“Sure, we’ll get ’em at the next.”
Mickey died—a hero clearly—
Fighting gamely to the end;
And I mourned the lad sincerely,
For I knew I’d lost a friend.
Often now, when fate is tricky,
And I’m feeling down and vexed,
I remember smiling Mickey
And “we’ll get ’em at the next.”

Benj. Aymar.

THAT OLD GOLF CLUB OF MINE

(With apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.)

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he
has known,

So my heart is stirred within me with a thrill almost
divine,

When I take from out the locker that old golf club
of mine.

Never has that old club failed me, always certain,
straight and true;

Shaft and head in even balance, with a perfect follow
through;

With keen joy I still remember its great work on
number nine,

When I take from out the locker that old golf club
of mine.

If misfortune overtook me, so that I should have to part
With the things that I have cherished, that are nearest
to my heart,

Still these dear and valued treasures I would willingly
resign,

When I take from out the locker that old golf club
of mine.

Of new clubs I have a-plenty, made by golfers known
to fame,
But whene'er I grip their handles, they don't somehow
feel the same;
So these clubs that cost me money to the scrap-heap
I consign
When I take from out the locker that old golf club
of mine.

Long have we been friends together, through the sun-
shine and the rain,
With the drive that made me happy and the putt that
caused me pain;
So I feel the thrill it gives me, like old books, old
friends, old wine,
When I take from out the locker that old golf club
of mine.

Henry Litchfield West.

A PSALM OF THE LINKS

LIVES of golfers oft remind us
How to make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Divots on the links of time.

Anonymous.

NINE LITTLE GOLF HOLES

NINE little golf holes—bogey thirty-three
Duffer badly tops his ball driving from the tee.

Eight little golf holes—first one cost eleven—
Buried in a bunker deep. Now there are seven.

Seven little golf holes. What an awful fix!
Three balls swimming in the brook. Now there are six.

Six little golf holes. When he tried to drive,
Sliced into the high grass. Now there are five.

Five little golf holes. Gracious, how he swore
As he dug the turf up. Now there are four.

Four little golf holes. Stymied by a tree;
Ball stuck in the branches! Now there are three.

Three little golf holes. Sphere fairly flew;
But he missed a six-inch putt. Now there are two.

Two little golf holes. In his face the sun;
Approaching, overran the green. Now there is one.

One little golf hole. Down a steep incline,
Driver's broken, ball is lost. Score is ninety-nine.

Anonymous.

ON THE GOLF CLUB PORCH

As we sit and dream in the silent porch
Together, my pipe and I,
A cloud of smoke from the old brown bowl
Floats up to the dappled sky;
And I watch through its dim, enchanted haze
A little sunbonnet go,
In shadow and shine o'er the grassy links
That lie in the vale below.

For early and late, all the long, bright day,
It is busy fitting there;
With a caddie wandering in its train,
While the white ball flies in the air;
A sunbonnet, ancient of pattern, such
As Priscilla's sweet self wore
When she walked with the homesick pilgrim maids
Long since, on an alien shore.

And the jolly lads, in the jackets red—
There's never a one goes by
But he slacks his pace and he turns his head,
And he feels his heart beat high
At the glance he gets and the smile he brings
To the roguish face within
That sheltering scoop, with its soft strings tied
In a knot beneath her chin.

But I bide my time on the silent porch,
For I know whom she loves best,
And that by and bye, when the game is done,
And the day lies low in the west,
She will hang her sunbonnet on her arm,
And the peeping stars will see
What a soft light lies in her happy eyes,
As she wanders home with me.

Anonymous.



THE SCORE

I SWUNG the club with all my force
 When starting 'round the Midland course.
 I hit the ground while on the tee,
 And broke my club—that cost me **3.00**

Next time I hit the tiny pill,
 And aimed it at a distant hill,
 The ball was lost—an awful drive—
 And I was stung for **.85**

But just a moment after that
 A speeding golf ball smashed my hat.
 This golfing game is mighty fine—
 The hat had cost **3.49**

And then it started in to rain,
 And rained with all its might and main;
 This pasture pool is sure great fun—
 To press my suit cost even **1.00**

This game of golf is fine, they say;
 But me for tennis or croquet!
 Some games cost less and some cost more,
 But this one cost **8.34**

Claude H. Gamble.

IF

(With apologies to Kipling.)

If you can keep your head quite free from motion,
And sweep clear through with swift, unerring
grace;

If you can glue your mind tight to the notion
You must not move the windows of your face;
If, being blocked, you don't grow tired of waiting,
Or, being cupped, you don't complain of lies;
Or, jumping bunkers, don't give way to baiting,
And yet don't look too good or talk too wise;

If you can slice and not lament the nonsense;
Or pull, and not show wrath outside;
If bunkered, you can shut your teeth in silence,
Or, holing mashie, mask your swelling pride;
If you can bear to hear your one best reason
Flung back to you with jeering jibe and sneer;
And see the finest fetish of the season
Struck, Cæsar-like, a death-blow from the rear.

If you can rim the cup without a grumble,
Or luck a putt and never crack a smile;
If winning, you can make believe you're humble,
Or losing, you can swallow all your bile;

If you can fill the most disastrous minute
 With sixty seconds worth of smiling done;
 Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
 And which is more—you'll be a golfer, son.

A. E. A.

IT'S A GREAT LIFE

HELLO, dear, how are you?
 Glad you came around.
 Fred's out at the Country Club
 Batting up the ground.

Did you go to Martha's?
 Fred came in too late.
 Played 'til it was pitchy dark,
 Forgot we had a date.

Oh, you leave tomorrow?
 I would like it there.
 Freddie won't hear of it, for
 The course is only fair.

We are coming 'round to see
 You and Mr. Haines.
 Possibly on Sunday,
 That is—if it rains.

Amelia Adams Harrington.

A TOAST

OH, here's to the merry golfing maid,
The maid whom we all adore;
With her buoyant tread and her coat of red,
And her cheerful cry of "fore!"

To the maid with the sun-kissed, ruddy face,
And a freckle here and there;
The jolly girl with the truant curl,
And a heart as light as air.

To the maiden who follows the snowy ball
Far over the hills and dales;
Oh, she is the queen of the putting green,
Where her masculine rival quails.

So drink to the girl on the ballroom floor,
Or the yachting girl at sea;
But I'll drink a toast to the girl I love most—
The golfing girl for me! *H. H. M.*

A FAVORITE OF FORTUNE

HIS eye is never on the ball, his driving it is weak,
While his system of approaching is to top it with
his cleek;

He never plays a decent iron nor hits a brassey clean,
But oh! to see him luck a putt from clear across the
green. *H. Van Tassel Sutphen.*

BUSY

I'm playing golf—and thus this rime
I Will hasty be, perforce;
So short, you see, the course of time—
So long the golfing course!
And when my cleek's not in my hand,
It's in my mind, I vow.
I trust I'm clear. You understand?
I'm playing golf just now.
I'm playing golf—in vain, therefore,
Would other things engage.
My eyes but fozzle, o'er and o'er,
Adown each pesky page.
And all the night the Bogey lays
His fingers on my brow,
To lead me far, 'mid bunkered ways—
I'm playing golf just now.
I'm playing golf—earth, moon and sun
Revolve around my score.
Oh, dark is life at sixty-one—
But bright at forty-four!
Perhaps the game you'd like to know.
Come out; I'll show you how.
Excuse me, for I've got to go—
I'm playing golf just now.

Edwin L. Sabin,

GOLFERS' BALLADE FOR AUTUMN

SEE how the pennoned maples burn,
The lindens flaunt their flames of gold!
Each sumac is a crimson urn,
Each elm a palmer, russet-stoled;
The wind breathes warnings down the wold;
The wild-geese wing their southward way.
Too soon will close the cruel cold;
So go ye golfing while ye may!

To silvery notes the rills return—
To vernal lyrics, blithely trolled;
The last late-lingering warblers yearn
For Spring in songs of yellow mold;
Now earlier unto the fold
The wandering flocks, unsummoned, stray;
Too soon will close the cruel cold;
So go ye golfing while ye may!

Anon will dawn a morning stern,
With brooding cloud-banks ridged and rolled;
Anon a ruthless hand will spurn
The woodland arras, brightly scrolled;
Anon the year, grown bent and old,
Will shamble by in garments gray;
Too soon will close the cruel cold;
So go ye golfing while ye may!

ENVOY

Good golfers, as a tale that's told
 This life will be, ere many a day;
 Too soon will close the cruel cold;
 So go ye golfing while ye may!

Clinton Scollard.

I SAW PHYLLIS

I SAW Phyllis on the links—
 Not a glance she sent my way—
 Saucy, sunny little minx,
 I saw Phyllis on the links—
 Wonder what my caddie thinks
 When he notes my wretched play.
 I saw Phyllis on the links;
 Not a glance she sent my way.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

FROM HER CADDIE

DEAR Miss: You rake me o'er the coals,
 In words that sting while they amuse,
 Because between the course's holes
 Sometimes the ball I lose.
 And this I offer as my plea:
 I am but human, after all;
 When you are on the links with me,
 How can I watch the ball?

Edwin L. Sabin.

WHEN KITTY GOLFS

WHEN Kitty golfs she heeds the lore
Of five devoted swains, or more;
And clad in quite the latest thing,
She lifts her driver up to swing—
Alas! the ball just topples o'er.

But though her balls nor rise nor soar,
Her smiles discouraged hearts restore.
There's always something happening
When Kitty golfs.

E'en caddies, though they quite deplore
Her game, beg leave to keep her score;
And yet the cards which back they bring
Are not her only pilfering—
'Tis Cupid who warns players: "Fore!"
When Kitty golfs.

Charlotte Becker.



"LIKE AS WE LIE"

Two golfers once set forth to play,
Their names are not here stated;
And one exhibited a trait
Not to be imitated.

It happened A got on the green,
Rejoicing, with his second;
But bunkered badly B was seen;
Himself unseen, he reckoned.

The useful niblick A espies,
And jets of sand in plenty;
At last upon the green B lies,
(He'd reached it just in twenty.)

With triumph B approaches A,
Whom he thinks none the wiser,
And with a voice resounding gay,
Calls out, "Like as we lie, sir."

The face of A was good to see;
With eye to terror strike, sir,
He fixes that unblushing B,
And says, "Lie as you like, sir."

W. Maling-Wynch, Jr.

A TONIC FOR THE GAME

'TWAS on the links at Gofficut—
A Jersey man was he;
He'd come from old Miasmaville
To play a game with me.
And when we reached the seventh hole,
Down by the high stone wall,
I had a horrid stroke of luck,
And lost my brand-new ball.

"No other ball have I," quoth I,
Nor had the caddy one;
Nor was my visitor supplied,
And gone seemed all our fun,
When "Hi! Eureka!" cried my friend,
"These things will fill the bill!"
And took a bottle from his bag
And handed me a pill.

A quinine pill, both smooth and round—
A trifle small, no doubt—
But still 'twas all we had at hand,
And with it I played out.
And oh, it was a wondrous sight
To see that little sphere
Go bounding o'er the bunkers high,
And dancing o'er the mere.

It lofted like a new balloon;
 It stymied like a dream;
 It putt just like a croquet ball—
 Drove like a solar beam.
 It drove as straight as straight could be,
 Toward the wished-for goal,
 And brought me out a winner, ay,
 On each and every hole.
 And that is why, in spite of all
 The scoffing, jeering crowd,
 I always play with quinine pills,
 Whenever 'tis allowed.
 What care I that you think me mad?
 It never brings me shame
 To play with anything that acts
 As tonic to my game. *Carlyle Smith.*

THE GOLFER'S EPITAPH

UNDER the wide and open sky,
 Dig the grave and let me lie;
 Gladly I've lived and gladly die,
 Away from this world of strife;
 This be the epitaph for me—
 "Here he lies where he longed to be—
 Lies in death by the nineteenth tee,
 Where he lied all through his life."
Grantland Rice.

BUNKERED

I've been slicing and scuffling and fozzling,
And I'm up to the burn in eighteen,
With my hopes growing steadily dimmer
Of reaching the far away green.

When I think of the strokes I've recorded,
From oaths I can hardly refrain.

More than once I've been bunkered already,
And I'll shortly be bunkered again.

Bunkered again! Bunkered again!
I'm sure to be bunkered again!

The foursome behind me are swearing,
And repeatedly shouting out "Fore!"
They are dropping approach shots behind me,
And preparing to level some more.

And though I am hitting my hardest,
And pressing with might and with main,
Here I am at the edge of the bunker,
And I'm bound to be bunkered again.

In it again! In it again!
I'm bound to be in it again!

I have topped it each time with the iron;
I can't use the mashie at all;

Cleeks and brasseys are out of the question
When you've got to get under the ball.
I'll try a full swing with the niblick—

I'm told it will stand any strain;
 So it does—no, confound it, it doesn't!
 Plump into the bunker again.
 In it again! In it again!
 Plump into the bunker again!

Anonymous.

VICTORY

OUT of the night of vain desire,
 The slough of unattained things,
 Behold, I rise on wings of fire!
 A joyous song my spirit sings.
 In the fell clutch of sand and rough,
 I have not quit nor sworn aloud;
 No lie, no run of luck so tough,
 But hope still struggled through the cloud.
 Beyond the bunker's deadly snare
 Looms but another hazard tall,
 And yet the menace of their dare
 No more shall daunt my soaring ball.
 It matters not how small the fame,
 How far from really good the score;
 I am the master of my game—
 Lo! I have shot an eighty-four!

S. G. Eaton.

HER LOGIC

WHEN she's at home she takes a car
To go two blocks,
For walking gives her such a jar—
And jarring shocks!
She makes her husband foot the floor
When baby cries,
And if she walks or steps a score,
She almost dies.

Yet she avows she'll pedestrate
The links around,
Nor will her willing walk abate
Until she's found
The bottom of the eighteenth hole
And victory—
She will endeavor for the goal,
Though far it be.

O girl! Of logic you've not missed
A single point;
The task, you say, is with your wrist,
Not ankle joint;
With putter, mashie, brasse, cleek,
Your walk's inspired,
But marketing will make you weak,
And oh, so tired!

Walter Utting.

TO A GOLF BALL

(On finding one in the grass.)

WEE, modest, weather-stained sphere,
How comes it that I find you here,
Where ye have lain for many a year,
In spot secluded?
How have ye, with the green so near,
All search eluded?

Who was the wight who drove ye thus?
Were ye resigned without a fuss,
Or did he incontinently cuss,
Because ye vanished?
Belike a match was on, and thus
All hope was banished.

I gaze with awe upon thy gashes,
So eloquent of cleeks and mashies;
And here's a cut betrays the thrashes
Of keen-edged brasse;e;
Or made by niblick's lightning flashes
In hands of lassie.

Far be it from me to despise.
Ye have a value in my eyes
That's not proportioned to thy size,
However small.

In fact, I'll hold ye as a prize,
Ye battered ball!

With others of your kin and kith,
I'll hand ye o'er to Willie Smith.
Now what I tell ye is no myth—
He'll make ye new!
I don't know what he does it with,
But yet it's true.

E. C. Potter.



RARE SPECIES

I've met a beggar in the street who scorned my proffered gift;
I've come upon a wornout tramp who would not take a lift;
I've met a fighter who exclaimed amid the roaring din,
"I fell before a better bloke without a chance to win";
I've met a guy who never heard of Teddy or of Ty—
Who never heard of Johnson's speed or Baker's batting eye;
But though I've been around the world and lamped within my scope,
A million weird varieties beyond the purling dope,
Including scribes who spurned all cash and merely wrote for fame,
In all my life I've never met a golfer "on his game."

Grantland Rice.

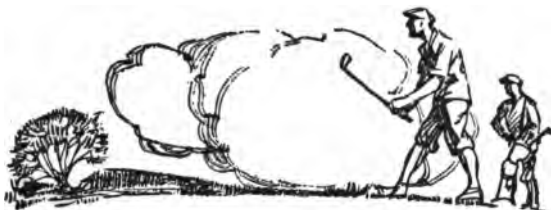


THE END OF A PERFECT GAME

WHEN you come to the end of a perfect game,
And you sit alone with the thought,
And you see where your game was punk and lame,
And the havoc your clubs have wrought;
Do you think of the fours and the fives you had
And wish for the chance once more?
Do your vanished approaches leave you sad
When the eighteen holes are o'er?

Well, this is the end of a perfect stroll,
At the end of the journey, too,
And it leaves a thought that is big and strong
For the shots that so quickly flew.
Now mem'ry has painted this perfect scroll
In colors that never can fade,
And we find at the end that we needed the hole
And the putts that we never made.

John T. Llewellyn.



THE DUBS

OH yet we trust and vainly pray
A decent score shall crown our game,
Though putts are wide and drives are lame,
And hazards crowd our erring way;

That all who play this luckless game
Shall triumph nobly in the end,
That fortune will relent and send
A tardy string of fours and fame;

That not a ball is topped in vain,
That not a dub with futile cleek,
Has sliced the next one to the creek,
Or but subserved his future gain.

Behold! we know not anything
Of rules and form and grip and stance;
We can but hope more kindly chance
Shall speed our ball, correct our swing.

So runs our dream, but what are we?
Poor dubs that smite the earth with force;
Poor dufers limping 'round the course
In forty-nine and fifty-three!

S. G. Eaton.

THE LOST BALL

STANDING one day on the golf links,
Weary and ill at ease,
I topped and fozzled idly,
Over the whins and tees;
I know not where I was gazing,
Or what I was dreaming then—
But I smote that ball of a sudden
With the force of two-score men.
It sped through the crimson twilight
Like a shot of a twelve-inch gun,
And it passed from my fevered vision
To the realm of the vanished sun.
I watched it over the bunker,
It jumped over hazard and hill;
It went like a thing infernal—
I suppose it is going still.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That ball of the strenuous pace,
Which passed from the sole of my driver
And entered into space.
It may be some keen-eyed caddie
Can sooner or later explain;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall find that ball again.

Laura Simmons.

THE BALL AND THE CLUB

I SHOT a golf ball into the air;
It fell toward earth, I knew not where;
For who hath eye so strong and keen,
As to follow the flight of my ball to the green.

I lost a club I could not spare,
And searched for it most everywhere;
For who hath sight so keen and quick
As to trace the course of a missing stick.

Long, long afterwards, in an oak,
I found the golf ball still unbroke;
And the club—with a couple of nicks and a bend,
I found again in the bag of a friend.

Forbes Lindsay.



THE STRANGER

WHO's that stranger, mother dear?
Look, he knows us. . . . Ain't he
queer?"

"Hush, my own, don't talk so wild;
He's your father, dearest child!"

"He's my father? No such thing!
Father died away last Spring!"

"Father didn't die, you dub!
Father joined a golfing club.

"But they've closed the club, so he
Has no place to go, you see—

"No place left for him to roam—
That is why he's coming home.

"Kiss him . . . he won't bite you, child;
All them golfing guys look wild."

J. P. McEvoy.



THE OLD HUNDRED

HALF a stroke, half a stroke,
Half a stroke onward,
Into the yawning ditch
Plump! goes a fozzled pitch—
This is the scoring which
Runs up the hundred.
Bunkers to right of them,
Bunkers to left of them,
Bunkers in front of them,
Showed how they blundered.

Oh, the remarks they made
When strokes ne'er tried by Braid
Landed them where they played
More than the hundred.

Shouts from the men behind
Followed them down the wind,
But they ne'er looked to find
Wherefore they thundered.

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die;
Get from their bunkered lie,
Under the hundred.

Bunkers to right of them,
Bunkers to left of them,
Bunkers in front of them,
Showed how they blundered.

Stormed they with many a curse;
Often the wrath they'd nurse
Made them play even worse,
While the world wondered.

Frozen their baleful stare,
Niblicks flashed up in air,
Rose and fell everywhere,
Down where they blundered.

One man was playing back,
One had lodged in a crack,

Where he played whack on whack,
 Over the hundred,
 Bunkers to right of them,
 Bunkers to left of them,
 Bunkers in front of them,
 Waited to catch their ball
 Each time they blundered.
 So nearly every shot
 Landed them in a pot;
 Thus they got round—but not
 Under the hundred.

Anonymous.

THE UNGOLFING LOVER

Nor long ago,
 A blithesome beau,
 I sat with Mabel o'er her tea-things;
 The ball of glee
 And repartee
 Passed to and fro above the wee things.
 Alas, I now
 With grief avow
 That through a shroud of gloom I see things,
 For I've no part
 In her new art,
 Although it has to do with "tee" things.

Clinton Scollard.

FASCINATION

O GOLF, thou siren of the lea,
To whom both sexes bend the knee,
What is the subtle, magic power
That makes the world all else forsake,
And follow in thy grassy wake
From early morn to twilight hour?
Each other sport has had its day,
But none has carried us away
Completely—body, brain and soul—
Like golf; in fact, I'd yield them all,
To hit just once that little ball
And drive it onward to a hole.
Yet deeper still there's something more—
A hope to make a better score
Than one has ever yet achieved;
And in that hope, that ever leads
Up on to do more worthy deeds,
May you and I be not deceived!

Frank J. Bonnells.

WORKING OVERTIME

THE heights by leading golfers kept
Were not attained in daylight fight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were breaking chandeliers at night.

Anonymous.

CAUGHT AT LAST

YES, young Cupid's changed his calling;
Tossed away his love-taut bow;
Folded close his downy winglets,
Winglets soft and white as snow,
And has left the field of Amo.
Who'd have dreamed of such a plight?
Who'd have fancied darling Cupid,
Of all people, taking flight?
How the world has changed since Cupid—
Sole magician of the heart—
Cast aside, with bow and arrow,
All the secrets of his art!
Though the sun smiles just as brightly,
And the soft sky keeps its blue,
There's a change in lives, I fancy;
Some have ta'en a duller hue.
Ladies woo—but oh, the wooing
When no Cupid hovers by!
Ladies win—but oh, the winning
Graced with but a tear or sigh!
And the cause of all this trouble?
Ah! I really hate to tell.
Selfish Love has gone a-golfing—
Latest victim to the spell.

Beatrice Louise Colburn.

A TRIOLET OF GOLF

MAUD beat me today.
Can I win her tomorrow?
With my heart one can play—
Maud beat me today.
Fickle Fate, can you say,
Will it joy be, or sorrow?
Maud beat me today.
Can I win her tomorrow?

Francis Bowler Keene.



SONG OF THE CHAMPION BALL

OFF from the tee, like the flight of an arrow,
Swift as a meteor shot from the sky;
Out o'er the field free from plowshare or harrow,
Fleet as the wings of the wind do I fly.

Swept from the sod by a sweep of the brassey,
Over the bunker unerring I go;
Hasting by hazards, by boundaries grassy,
Sped by the force of a masterly blow.

Up and away, with the iron a-swinging,
Sailing like swallows the bunkers between;
Bounding along, while the bravos are ringing,
Straight to the sward of the well-guarded green.

Then for careful putt addressed—
This the last triumphant test.
From the skilful stroke I roll
Gently to the winning hole.

Francis Bowler Keene.

THE GOLF GIRL

IN a jaunty scarlet jacket,
And a mannish little shoe,
A hat with a quill and tartan,
And a skirt to clear the dew;
On the grassy links I see her,
Every glorious summer day,
And forget to mind my putting
While I watch her graceful play.

We have met in dreamy waltzes,
When a rose was on her breast,
But her partner at the bunkers
Is the one who knows her best.
Though the ball is lost forever
And her hair is out of curl,
Nothing spoils the sunny temper
Of the pretty golfing girl.

If all women once were flowers,
As an ancient legend tells,
She has bloomed a sprig of heather
On the breezy Scottish fells;
For the wind that roams the bracken,
And the blue of morning skies,
Still is rippling in her laughter,
Still is beaming from her eyes.

But in gray or golden weather,
 Stepping lightly to the tees,
 Making drives with daring swiftness,
 "Holing out" with merry ease,
 To the painted balls not only
 Does she bring the golfer's arts,
 For with Cupid as her caddie,
 She is playing with our hearts.

Minna Irving.

THE BONNIEST GAME O' ALL

GIE me the breath o' the hilltop;
 Gie me the love o' the glen;
 Gie me the sound o' the bonnie burn
 And the song of the birds I ken.
 Gie me the glimpse o' the mountains;
 Gie me the pastures brown;
 Gie me a day wi' the cattle,
 Away frae the heat o' the town.
 Gie me the plaint o' the katydid;
 Gie me the thrushes' lay;
 Gie me the love o' nature
 And the scent o' the new-mown hay.
 Gie me my cleek and putter;
 Gie me the wee bit ball;
 I'm awa' for the glen and the hieland
 And the bonniest game o' all.

W. T. Burgess.

SO DIFFERENT!

I THOUGHT it hard luck when I met her,
Introduced by our hostess, and found
That the maid and myself, for the evening
Thro' dinner and auction were bound.
She didn't appeal, not the slightest,
Her sun-freckled face had no charm,
While the style of her dress was weird, I confess,
And the prospect I viewed with alarm.

I bucked up my best; conversation,
Intended to cheer and impress,
Seemed only the maid to embarrass,
And ended in rather a mess.
Still later, at auction, confound it,
She trumped my good queen, and revoke—
'Twas something she loved to indulge in,
Till the game on our side was a joke.

Then, hang it, next day in the foursomes,
We were drawn, and thus partners were we
In a mixed competition, important,
That I wanted a winner to be.
With a shrug of the shoulder—'twas kismet,
I bowed to omnipotent fate,
And stepped to the tee, a martyr per se,
Prepared for the worst—desolate.

But lo and behold! With amazement
 I watched this young partner of mine
 Drive off with a graceful abandon,
 Perfection of motion divine.
 Compared with my own puny efforts,
 A dub in her eyes I would seem,
 For she was a regular player,
 While I was the merest "has been."

W. Hastings Webbing.

WHEN 'OMER SMOTE 'IS BLOOMIN' BALL

(With apologies to Kipling)

WHEN 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' ball
 Around the course in sixty-three.
 'E somehow didn't count 'em all,
 An' claimed a fifty—same as me.

The golfers at the nineteenth hole,
 They'd seen old 'Omer in the slough
 A-diggin' like a bloomin' mole,
 But kept it quiet—same as you.

They knew he'd lied; 'e knew they knowed;
 'E knew 'e'd made a sixty plus.
 Though 'Omer's name and stories growed,
 'E started 'umble—same as us.

S. G. Eaton.

THE VILLAGE GOLFER

WITH club and ball upon the tee,
The eager golfer stands;
In truth, a healthy man is he,
With strong and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his sun-browned arms
Are firm as hempen strands.
His hat is off, his hair blows free,
His face is like the tan;
His thoughts dwell on the Colonel's score,
He'll beat it if he can;
He keeps his eye upon the ball
And fears no bogey man.
Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You can hear him bellow "fore!"
You can see him swing his various clubs,
And tramp the meadows o'er,
Like a reaper with a sickle sharp
Cutting grain for threshing floor.
And children coming home from school,
Gaze o'er the grassy green;
They love to see the ancient game
Played with an ardor keen,
And watch the little balls that fly
As from a gun-machine.

He goes on Sunday to no church—
 Not if he has his choice;
 He hears no parson pray or preach,
 But lists to Nature's voice
 Resounding o'er the verdant links,
 And body and soul rejoice.

Succeeding, failing, trying again,
 Around the course he plays;
 Each morn he seeks to lower the mark
 He's made on other days;
 A match attempted—bravely fought—
 He earns the victor's bays.

A word with thee, my worthy friend,
 In golf three things are taught:
 To persevere, yourself control,
 For others have a thought;
 And if you wish for health and strength,
 You'll find them cheaply bought.

Frank J. Bonnells.

AUTUMN

THE Summer's dead. The robin sings
 Its farewell to the lark;
 And oh, it's such a little while
 From three o'clock till dark.

Anonymous.

THE SITTING HEN

A MALISON upon the man who thinks by taking
thought
That he can lengthen out his drive or hole the putt
that's short.
Upon each separate blade of grass he meditates
eternally,
Awhile the field upon him wait and objurgate infernally.

Anonymous.





A BALLADE OF THE INVETERATE GOLFER

ERE yet along the rolling links
Spring's earliest spear of emerald shows,
While still the north wind through the chinks
Its shrewd and shrilly whistle blows,
He grips his bag of plaid and goes
Afield with swinging stride and free,
Sooth, by his very mien one knows,
A tireless golfing man is he!

When burns the sun until one blinks,
So fierce the furnace heat it throws,
And earth, with lips a-fevered, drinks,
The dewy draught the dawn bestows,

Albeit he reddeneth as the rose,
And doth perspire most fearfully,
He heedeth not, and hence one knows
A tireless golfing man is he!

When in a murky vapor sinks
The day, and swift the darkness grows,
When frost-elves try their cunning "kinks,"
And south wing clamoring the crows,
E'en till the swirling fall of snows
He still is seen upon the tee;
Sooth, by his very mien one knows
A tireless golfing man is he!

ENVOY

The rains and snows—these are his woes;
He has no other woes, perdie!
Sooth, by his very mien one knows
A tireless golfing man is he!

Clinton Scollard.

LITTLE THINGS

LITTLE drops of water,
Little sandy lies,
Make the mightiest player
Lose the pleasant prize.

Anonymous.

A SONG OF FOUR SEASONS
(After Austin Dobson.)

WHEN Spring comes smiling
By green and tees,
All life beguiling
With balmy breeze;
Sing heart exulting,
Sing golf once more,
Sing game that's ragged,
And duffer's score.

When beams the Summer,
And skies are blue,
When songsters warble
The long days through;
Sing links are lovely,
Sing games galore,
Sing matches many
And health full store.

When Autumn rustles
With woods aglow,
And days are waning,
And blossoms go;
Sing season passing,
And slanting sun;
Sing sport surpassing
And trophies won.

When blasts of Winter
Strip bare the trees,
In white shroud buried
Are greens and tees;
Sing lazy lolling
By club fire bright?
Sing red balls rolling;
Sing rare delight.

Francis Bowler Keene.

AN OVER-DRIVE

PALE white, unspotted by the world, she lies
In passive patience at his restless feet,
And waits, unflinching, the fierce blow to meet.
With arm uplifted, and with sure surmise,
He takes unerring aim, and utters cries
Of strange prophetic warning. Far and fleet,
Across the green, through hazy summer heat,
She speeds beyond the sight of watching eyes.

And when her swift and heavenward flight she ends,
In soft tree-shaded spot, she softly sinks
And lies, safe-hidden, by the grasses tall.
While he, alas! on whom the match depends,
Walks wearily across the well-laid links,
And mourns aloud his lost and only ball!

Sylvia Florance.

THE PILLOW SCORE

MY first drive was a beauty—clean
Two hundred yards and thirty more;
My brassey took me to the green,
Where I ran down an easy four.
The second hole I made in par;
I tied with bogey on the third;
My drives were straight and true and far,
The ball went sailing like a bird.
My putting eye was deadily true,
And all my iron shots were fine;
Luck swelled my score a stroke or two,
But I went out in thirty-nine.
The tricky tenth I got in three;
The thirteenth, where I pulled my drive,
Looked bad, but luckily for me,
A long putt put me down in five.
With threes and fours for all the rest,
In spite of some unlucky lies,
The score I made was much my best,
And brought me the Directors' prize.
My driving and my putting, too,
Were simply perfect, as I've said;
This all occurred when I was through
And played the game again—in bed.

S. E. Kiser.

JINX'S OFFICE

THE 'phone bells are a-ringing; everybody's on the jump,

As the clacking of the ticker tells the story of the slump;

The clerks are dazed and frightened as the market lower sinks,

For they don't know where the boss is—they have lost all trace of Jinx.

The manager's exhausted and the office boy's all in,
The stenographer has fainted in the turmoil and the din;
For the market keeps on sagging, as poor lambs are shorn of wool,

And though at golf Jinx is a bear, on 'Change he is a bull.
At last they have him spotted and he's dragged in from the links,

And then his frantic manager unfolds the news to Jinx
Over the 'phone as best he can, in choking voice and sad;
And Jinx replies: "Why, goodness me, now isn't that too bad!"

The boss continues speaking: "Say, just have Miss Blossom call

Up Lombard Eight-O-Seven-Two and ask for Jimmie Ball,

And tell him that the brassey which he made me doesn't suit,
But the driver is a corker and the putter is a beaut."

A. W. Tillinghast.

GOLFAIYAT

SOME take a Brassey when they play the Game,
Or with a Cleek carve out the way to Fame;
And some there be who but a Pencil Stub
Have used, and yet have Got There just the Same.

Anonymous.



AN AMATEUR'S ROSARY

THE hours I've searched for you, dear ball,
Were long and weary, I'll confess;
And only one thing was to blame for all,
My awkwardness, my awkwardness!
Each drive a slice, a slice that sent
You sailing out for parts unknown;
How often have I walked and searched and bent
With weary groan.

O memories of air made blue!
And miles of territory crossed
In endless labor, for it seemed that you
Were always lost, dear ball,
Were always lost. *George B. Staff.*

ALL SUFFICIENT

MY business is rotten;
My wife has gone home;
My cook—she has left me;
The cat's gone to roam.
The neighbors all hate me,
But gee—I should fret!
I played the best game today
I have played yet!
Amelia Adams Harrington.

TO THE MAN WHO LOST

HERE'S to the man who lost the hole
 Because he found my ball.
 The match was one to try one's soul—
 My pill had found the "tall";
 We'd searched for four long minutes there—
 He found it; my hopes soared;
 He dubbed a couple on the fair;
 "Four-five" that hole I scored.

Ah, yes, he did just what he should—
 But honor to his name!
 That ball was lost to me for good,
 And he but played the game.
 So when Saint Peter lifts the latch.
 The gates for him will roll,
 Who found my ball and lost the match,
 But thereby saved his soul.

S. K. Bennett.

HELPING THE GAME

SAID Jimmie Jones to the telephone man:
 I'll have my number changed, if I can.
 I've taken up golf and my aim, you see,
 Is to keep my mind on the figure 3.
 Now let me think—what number will do?
 Supposing we say 4-3-3-2? *Anonymous.*

A BRIGHTER WORLD

LOOKS as if the world is better
Than it used to be,
Even if the rain seems wetter
And the lightning free;
Even if there seems more thunder
Than we used to hear—
I've a forearm putt—a wonder
That I've learned this year.

Looks as if the world is brighter
Than in former days,
Even if the banks are tighter
And the lank wolf stays.
Troubles, all imaginary,
Gather day by day;
Playing eighty, regularly,
Wipes them all away.

Looks as if the world is cleaner
Than it used to be;
Life itself, friends, is serener;
Leastwise, so to me.
For my worry is behind me,
Running all the while;
Wrinkles nevermore can find me—
I have found my style.

Jesse G. Clare.

THE RAVIN' OF A GOLF MANIAC

An, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
That I pondered, weak and weary, o'er my volumes
of golf lore.
Eagerly I wished the morrow
That I happiness might borrow
From a game that would cause sorrow, sorrow to
opponents sore.
To opponents, male and female, who would evermore
be sore
At the lowness of my score.



Quoth the Caddie,
"Nevermore!"



While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping, saying to me,
"Fore!"

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "out there, jealous
of my score;
Only this, and nothing more."

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Fearing that a rival had come wandering to my door.
But the silence was unbroken,
And the stillness gave no token,
And the only words there spoken were the whispered
words, "Your score!"

Merely this and nothing more.

Open then I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a saucy Caddie, Caddie who knew
 well my score.

Not the least obeisance made he,
Not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But with cool assurance laid he my golf clubs upon the
 floor.

Then he kicked them—nothing more.

“Prophet,” cried I, “thing of evil—
Prophet still, if boy or devil!—

 By Chick Evans, Vardon, Travers, and the others
 we adore—
Tell this would-be champion truly, when will bogey be
 his score?”

 Quoth the Caddie, “Nevermore!”

“Be that word our sign of parting,
Boy or friend,” I shrieked, upstarting.

 “Get thee back onto the golf links; use your voice
 to call out ‘Fore!’
Do not try to cool my ardor,
For I’ll only practice harder,
 And I know that Col. Bogey I’ll be downing with my
 score.”

 Quoth the Caddie, “Nevermore!”

And the spirit of that Caddie, never fitting, must be
sitting,
Still upon my harmless golf clubs that he kicked upon
the floor.
For my shots have all the seeming as if played by one
who's dreaming,
And with driver, cleek and mashie, I'm the one to call
out "Fore!"
Always am I in the background—always do I call out
"Fore!"

Good score make I? Nevermore!

Martha Michel Martin.

SPRIGS OF SOLACE

WHEN you are always "off the line,"
And can't get down in less than nine,
'Tis soothing to remember then
The other chap may take a ten.
Nor do you feel one-half the ass,
Carving away great tufts of grass,
Once you observe the other side
Is similarly occupied.
To lose a perfect scarless ball
May steep your very soul in gall;
Yet life somehow regains its fizz
When your opponent loses his.

R. P. Keigwin.

ODE TO GOLF

DELUSIVE nymph, farewell!"
How oft we've said and sung,
When balls elusive fell
Down in the jaws of "Hell,"
Or salt seaweeds among,
'Mid shingle and sea-shell.

How oft beside the "burn,"
We play the sad "two more,"
How often at the turn,
The heather we must spurn;
How oft have topped and swore,
In bent and whin and fern.

Yes, when the broken head
Bounds further than the ball,
The heart has inly bled.
Ah! and the lips have said
Words we would not recall—
Wild words of passion bred.

In bunkers all unknown,
Far beyond "Walkinshaw,"
Where never ball had flown—
Reached by ourselves alone—
Caddies have heard with awe
The music of our moan.

Yet, nymph, if once alone
The ball hath feately fled—
Not smitten from the bone—
That drive doth still atone;
And one long shot laid dead
Our grief to the winds hath blown.

So still beside the tee,
We meet in storm and calm,
Lady, and worship thee,
While the loud lark sings free,
Piping his matin psalm
Above the grey and sea.

Andrew Lang.

GOLFER'S HYMN

A BAG of clubs, a dimpled ball,
Fair verdant greens, that rise and fall,
An azure sky, a glorious sun,
And a day of golf is well begun.

A score that does not bring disgrace,
Good will for all the human race,
Enjoyment of a setting sun,
And a splendid day of golf is done.

E. W. Stansbury.

TO A PERFECT PUTT

HERE'S to the perfect shot, my friends,
 A putt on the eighteenth green—
 The shot upon which the match depends!
 Across that emerald sheen
 I concentrate with my ev'ry force
 My ball of white must mark its course
 And into that hole must fall!
 To guide my wayward ball.

The match for seventeen holes has run
 And now must be settled here;
 The glory's now to be lost or won
 On the twist of that little sphere.
 So thinking too hard of how much depends
 My senses completely fade—
 Yes, here's to the perfect putt, my friends,
 The putt that I never made!

S. K. Bennett

UNTIL I DIE

I HAE play'd in the frost and the thaw,
 I hae play'd since the year thirty-three,
 I hae play'd in the rain and the snaw,
 And I trust I may play till I dee.

Andrew Lang.

THE THREE FATES

WHEN with a vicious body twist
Your waist beats out your lagging wrist,
And arms snatched jerkily to breast
Tell plainly to the world you've pressed—
That's Slice!

And when with sweeping forward move
You shove the club-head down the groove,
So that your hands—and all of you—
Come trailing in the follow-through—
That's Hook!

But when with rhythm smooth and sweet,
Well-poised and steady on the feet,
Unmoving head, unhurried eye,
You sweep the ball straight as a die—
That's Heaven!

Joseph Chapman.

STYMIE

CONVERSATION is vexation;
Looking up is bad;
A top from the tee
Perplexes me,
But a stymie drives me mad.

Anonymous.

EARLY GOLF

COURSE heavy,
Grass wet,
Slip, slide,
Cuss, fret.

Game over,
Got beat,
Bad case
Cold feet.

Pay caddie,
Pay bet,
Run home
And forget.

Next day,
As before,
Back again
For more.

J. H. Smith.

THE ONE BEST TIP

HERE is the science and sum of it all—
Keep your eye on the ball!
Through fair green or hazard or grass that is tall—
Keep your eye on the ball!
No matter the distance, how short or how far,
No matter your game, be you duffer or star,
There is only one way you can hole out in par—
Keep your eye on the ball!

Over the course comes the clarion call—
Keep your eye on the ball!
One little turn and you're in for a fall—
Keep your eye on the ball!
Whether its golf or the game we call Life,
Down the Long Course where the tumult is rife,
Over the hazards and bunkers of strife—
Keep your eye on the ball!

Anonymous.

GOLF VERSUS NATURE.

THE sunbeams flood the links around,
The clouds float overhead;
But that which filleth me with joy,
Is the shot I've laid stone-dead.

The robin singeth in the hedge,
The leaves dance in the breeze;
But with a four foot putt to make
Who ever thinks of these?

The brooklet flashes in the sun,
And chatteth in its flow
Unto the ball I've topped in it,
One up and two to go!

But when at last the match is mine,
And I am filled with glee,
Then sun and clouds and trees and birds
Shall all rejoice with me.

Anonymous.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

SWEAR off pulling, swear off slicing,
Swear off ever looking up;
Swear off doing all but shooting
For the center of the cup.

Swear off topping, over-swinging,
As you stand upon the tee;
Swear off doing all but holing
Out in three.

Anonymous.

NOCTURNAL GOLF

I PLAYED a wonderful game—for me—
And found, when I'd got all through,
That I'd cut my score to a 48
From my usual 62.

On the first, which commonly takes me an 8,
Because I am not warmed up,
My drive and brassey were long and straight,
And my fifth dropped into the cup.

On the second, where I so often dub,
With both of my wooden sticks,
I was there like a duck with either club
And holed in a bogey 6.

On the third, where one of the apple trees
Habitually stops my drive,
I missed the fruit with the greatest ease,
And was down in a nice par 5.

I shunned both hazards on No. 4,
The bois and the deep ravine,
And trimmed two strokes from my normal score
By mashieing to the green.

On the fifth, where I frequently take a dip
Or two in the seething foam,
Two aërial swats and a mashie chip
Were plenty to bring me home.

On the sixth, where my second is wont to seek
A nest in the tall uncut,
I stopped at the edge with my third, a cleek,
And was in with my second putt.

On the seventh—(they call it a mashie pitch,
And Lord! how you've got to soar!)
I flew high over the hellish ditch,
And was down in a couple more.

On the eighth—it's one of those tricky holes,
And a 6 is my common lot—
I cleared the cunning but nasty knolls
With a beautiful midiron shot.

On the ninth, where in every unfriendly match,
I chum with the Horti Cult,
I scorned Mrs. Wiggs and her cabbage patch,
And a 6 was the result.

I made the nine in a 43
Last night, as I lay in bed.
Oh, golf is no trouble at all for me
When I play a round in my head.

Ring W. Lardner.

A GOLFER'S WISH

I HAVE no wish to dress in silk,
I do not care to wear a crown,
I do not yearn to bathe in milk,
Or champagne wash my dinner down.

I have no great desire to be
A man of much importance here,
And have the public welcome me
With bands of brass when I appear.

And should a fairy, kind and good,
Grant me one favor, without price,
I'd make this golfer's prayer, I would:
"Oh, kindly rid me of my slice!"

I am not one intent on fame;
I do not care to lead the throng;
Though strangers never hear my name,
Contentedly I'll plod along.

Enough to eat, enough to wear,
And strength to do my daily task,
With now and then a chance to fare
On pleasure's ways, is all I ask.

But should a fairy come to me
 And say: "What joy will you suffice?
 I'll grant one wish. What shall it be?"
 I'd answer: "Rid me of my slice!"
 You that have never swung a club
 And drawn its face across the ball,
 And muttered to yourself, "You dub!"
 As in a curve you watched it fall,
 May never guess the rage that lies
 Within that shortened arc of flight,
 Nor how men curse the fall that flies
 With loss of distance, to the right.
 But every golfing fiend will know
 Why gold and fame I'd sacrifice,
 If but some fairy, good, would show
 Me how to drive without a slice.

Edgar A. Guest.

WHEN I PUTT

WHEN I putt it seems to me
 The whole world's in conspiracy.
 The jangling church bell in the far-off tower,
 Tolling the knell of the departing hour;
 The fleeting shadow of the scudding cloud;
 The caddies' whisper, sibilant and loud;
 The twittering sparrows in the near-by tree—
 Are all allied to worry me,
 When I putt.

When I putt I clearly see
Dragon flies make darts at me,
While droning beetles and buzzing bees
And locusts singing in the trees,
And croaking frogs in the muddy pond,
With honking Fords in the road beyond,
And cawing crows, with unfeigned glee,
All join to fret and worry me,

When I putt.

When I putt the wriggling worm
Crawls on my line with slimy squirm;
While spry mosquitoes flock round my head,
Till I miss the putt that I've laid dead;
And caterpillars, void of etiquette,
Move on the green when I am set;
With one to go and Jock one up,
My ball just hangs on the lip of the cup,

When I putt. *Joseph A. Campbell.*

THE MAN OF MANY CLUBS

HE owns a dozen drivers and of brasses not a few;
He invests in all the patents that inventions bring
to view.

He has oft been disappointed, but he hopes some happy
day

That he'll happen on a treasure that will teach him
how to play. *Anonymous.*

YESTERDAY

I've trod the links with many a man,
And played him club for club;
'Tis scarce a year since I began,
And I am still a dub.
But this I've noticed as we strayed
Along the bunkered way:
No one with me has ever played
As he did yesterday.

It makes no difference what the drive;
Together as we walk,
Till we up to the ball arrive,
I get the same old talk.
"Today, there's something wrong with me,
Just what I cannot say.
Would you believe I got a three
On this hole—yesterday?"

I see them top and slice a shot,
And fail to follow through,
And with their brasseys plough the lot,
The very way I do.
To six and seven their figures run,
And then they sadly say:
"I neither dubbed nor fozzled one,
When I played—yesterday."

I have no yesterdays to count,
 No good work to recall;
Each morning sees hope proudly mount,
 Each evening sees it fall.
And in the locker room at night,
 When men discuss their play,
I hear them, and I wish I might
 Have seen them—yesterday.

O dear old yesterday! What store
 Of joys for men you hold!
I'm sure there is no day that's more
 Remembered or extolled.
I'm off my task myself a bit,
 My mind has run astray;
I think, perhaps, I should have writ
 These verses—yesterday.

Edgar A. Guest.

AFTER THE FOURSOME

What the losers said to each other:

So long, Bob,
Rotten shame.
We couldn't win,
But that's the game.

Ta, ta, Jim,
I'm to blame.
We didn't win
The bally game.

You played great,
I threw you down.
Still, let's smile
Though fortune frown.

You played fine,
I was off—
You know the way
It is in golf.

What they told the other chaps:

Yes, we lost!
Poor old Bob
Couldn't hit
A thing, begob!
Fanned the air
Twice at least.
Got my goat—
Sloppy beast!

Beat us bad!
Jim was off;
Might play marbles,
Couldn't golf.
Missed his drives,
Couldn't putt.
Lost me "twenty"—
Silly mutt!

What the winners said:

Rather soft?
Right, old thing!
Beat 'em easy,
Quite a string.
Serves 'em right!
Awful rot
Playing with 'em—
Rather, what?

W. Hastings Webling.

THE EASY GO CLUB

I COME now with me to the beautiful links
That lie near the city of Joy, sir,
Where the caddy boy sits and complacently blinks,
And never a lie doth annoy, sir.

O come to the links of the Easy Go club,
And let us put in the fair hours
Where there's never a duffer and never a flub,
No matter how meagre our powers.

Where there isn't a trouble from first to last tee
That isn't o'ercome by a ruling;
Where the golfer is bold and the golfer is free,
And not a soul needs any schooling.

Where whatever may hap to the gutty that flies,
If it fall in a bunker or puddle,
You always can lift it, whatever your "lies,"
And thus get you out of your muddle.

Where penalty strokes are forever unknown,
On fair green, in ditch, or in bog, sir;
Where golf is as easy as gnawing a bone
To the average ravening dog, sir.

Where golf is so easy that any can play
 Who has a mere knacklet for hitting;
 And even old ladies are found day by day
 Who declare it's as pleasant as knitting.

O come, come away to the Easy Go club,
 Where hazards are empty as bubbles;
 Where there's never a duffer and never a flub,
 Since Ground Rules abolish all troubles.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A BOGEY DREAM

A NOTED golfer in a dream
 Once drove a ball so clean
 It sailed right through the summer sky
 And landed on the green.

It did not stop at number one.
 Great guns! Upon my soul!
 It bounded on from green to green.
 Right near the eighteenth hole

It spun around a moment,
 Then ceased its speedy spin;
 The wind blew out the flagstick, and
 The little ball rolled in.

R. G. Holland.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

I FELT in my bones I'd swamp Bixby,
When we played that last match for the cup;
Impatient was I for the struggle,

For I knew I'd about eat him up.
And slyly I winked at the caddie
As I took out that driver of mine,
And swished a few daisies for practice,
Just to show how I'd be down the line.

That was Faith!

But something went wrong with my schedule;

At the turn I was six to the bad;
For nine weary holes I'd encountered
Just the worst luck a man ever had.

But surely I'd soon get a-going;
Perhaps he'd start topping and flub;
Or maybe I'd lay him a stymie;

He was due for a break, the old dub!

That was Hope!

But all things must come to a finish;
Seven and six was the beating I got.

I pictured the crowd at the clubhouse;
The thought of their gibes made me hot.

"Well, what's the result?" came the chorus;

And I waited his crowing with dread;

"I happened to have rare good fortune,
And I won." That was all Bixby said.

That was Charity!

Anonymous.

SILENCE AT THE TEE

No player, caddie or onlooker should move or talk during a stroke.—Etiquette of Golf.

THIS the fateful moment,
Let all things quiet be;
For now the golfer's ready,
The ball is on the tee.

Don't move while he's addressing;
To whisper do not dare;
And when his club he's wagging
No sound must stir the air.

Should aught distract attention,
It might disturb his poise
And cause the man to fozle,
So do not make a noise.

Let not a sigh escape you,
Don't speak or laugh or sneeze;
Let all the birds cease singing,
And hush thou murmuring breeze!

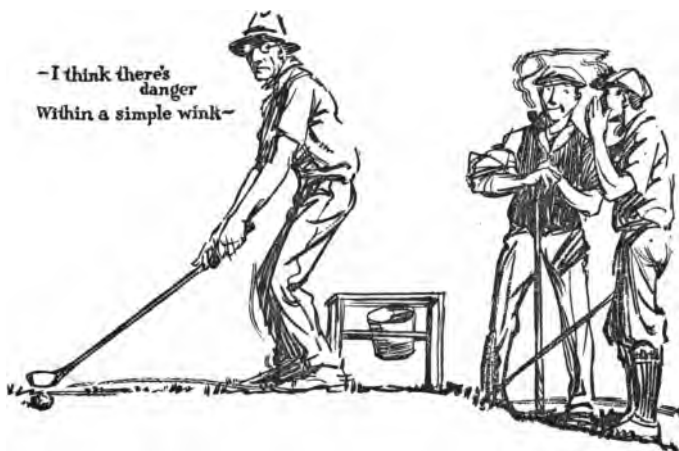
The crickets must stop chirping,
And insects buzz no more;
The broad and restless ocean
Must quell its mighty roar.

The deep voice of the thunder
Shall not be heard aloud;
There must not be a shadow
From fleeting summer cloud.

In fact, I think there's danger
Within a simple wink—
And in so great a crisis
Perhaps one should not think!

O'er earth and all creation
Hang silence like a pall!
And let it not be lifted
Till the golfer hits the ball.

Frank J. Bonnelle.



A WONDERFUL SCORE

THIS is a tale of a golfer grand,
A famous man to drive,
And how he made our nine hole course
In a score of 45.

An easy short first hole was ours,
Its cognomen was "Bun";
And our famous friend began his round
By making it in 1.

Then next he drove two hundred yards
And landed on the "Zoo"
(This green was near a barnyard fence)
And holed his putt in 2.

The third was guarded by an oak,
And so we called it "Tree";
In spite of many obstacles
He made this hole in 3.

He did not drive so well next time,
In going to the "Store";
But with a lucky brassey shot
He drew an easy 4.

His ball was bunkered at the fifth,
Down by the carriage drive;
But still he got out beautifully
And ran it down in 5.

The course now lengthened out a bit
In going to the "Styx";
And while he did his best he found
He did the sixth in 6.

The next was on a little hill
And therefore nicknamed "Heaven";
Our friend inclined to think it—well,
It only cost him 7.

Right here he lost his nerve a bit
In going down to "Fate";
He found two bunkers on the way
And so he scored an 8.

The ninth and last hole near the club
Was aptly called "The Wine";
Here, fozzling every shot he tried,
He found the cup in 9.

We've often heard strange tales, and more
We'll hear, if we survive;
But liars alone can make this score—
A consecutive 45.

Walter N. P. Darrow.

A SONG OF THE GAME

THERE'S a song that is sung, though I don't know
the words,

It sets my poor brain in a whirl;
It tells of how rarely the lover finds fairly
The time, and the place, and the girl.
And golf is like love—though you may not agree
That it holds true in every case—but
You seldom, if ever, get all three together,
The drive, the approach and the putt.

There's my partner now—(with the wind at his back)—
Gets a drive that brings joy to his soul;
And when he approaches there's no need of coaches,
He just lays them dead to the hole.
But when once on the green, my opponent's been seen
Taking many a game from the rut;
But they seldom, if ever, get all three together,
The drive, the approach and the putt.

As for you and myself, we've a style of our own
As we step to the ball on the tee;
And in practice our swing is a beautiful thing,
Worth crossing the ocean to see.
Each has in his bag, as he starts for the flag,
A club of some special device,
But even with this, there is often a miss,
Or a top, or a pull, or a slice.

Suppose, if you like, that our friendship's the game—
That the drive is the grasp of your hand ;
The approach the straight look from your eyes when
you took

Our measure, as men understand.
The putt—well, that's home and what reckon take we
If the home be a mansion or hut ;
For our friendship's forever and holds all together,
The drive, the approach and the putt. *D. W. C.*

THE LORELEI OF THE GOLF LINKS

A PRESENCE hovering o'er the place,
Dim as a soft, alluring vision ;
A laughing, tempting, maddening face,
Unheeded the scarce veiled derision.
A witch, weaving a fateful spell,
As any pot of midnight brewing,
Accomplishing a purpose fell
With neither toads nor black cat mewing.
No cabalistic
Chanting mystic,
No midnight riding
Broom bestriding,
No grim oblation,
No incantation,
No magic spells, no charm at all—
Only a driver and a ball.
Rose Champion de Crespigny.

FOOZLESOME'S SPRING SONG

Now some may like a blithesome sea,
And some the mountain peaks,
And some the verdant, valley lea,
For the lazy summer weeks,
But better far than mount or surf
Give me the emerald-gleaming turf.
The mad March wind has dried the sod,
The springtime sun is warm;
My club is now a magic rod
To summon many a form
And spirit with a sporting heart
Who loves the Ancient, Royal Art.
The fight is on—the day is keen—
And down the rolling course,
From point to point and tee to green,
The swinging driver's force
Speeds the brave ball and cleaves the blue
As cheerily I follow through.
I gaily lead, o'er stream, o'er mead,
Contesting every shot.
Pegasus—airy, fairy steed—
Ne'er ran a race so hot;
Till at the eighteenth's brimming hole
My putter flashes past the goal.

Ah, good old Life, and all thy ways,
I've loved thee since a boy;
And thy best gift, my golfing days,
Pure gold, without alloy.
Abide with me, clear Eye, strong Heart,
And all thy blessings, Ancient Art.

Anonymous.

THE PHANTOM LINKS

W^{HEN} figures play me countless tricks,
And letters jar,
My fancy hies to golfing sticks
And fields afar.

When city's rush and roll and strife
Encompass me,
On wings I fly where sport is rife
And heart is free.

When grim and dull the walls uplift
Their dingy gray,
I veil my eyes and fondly drift
In dreams away.

So while the slaveys of my mind
In toil are cast,
The phantom links, forever kind,
Will hold me fast.

Horace Seymour Kellar.

YOUR CADDIE AND YOU

HE is with you every minute, in the smooth and in
the rough,
And your caddie's quick to sense it if you're made of
proper stuff.

If you bear your trials bravely, if you do the best you
can,
You will find the little fellow trying hard to be a man.

If you show the proper spirit when you meet mis-
fortune grim,

You'll be making a courageous and a plucky chap of
him.

But if you're overbearing and the speech of brutes
employ,

You are ruining the morals and the manhood of the
boy.

He's a manly little fellow, and he wants to do what's
right,

But he's quick to sense injustice and his breast is full
of fight.

So remember when he doesn't always do as he should do,
And you find that he is careless, that the fault may
lie with you.

Edgar A. Guest.

THE CALLING OF THE LINKS

THO' the telephone is ringing,
And the typist ticks away;
Tho' the office boy is bringing
Lots of mail to me today,
Something calls me, something lures me,
Something whispers in my ear:
"Come! the sun is out and shining!
Come! the sky is blue and clear!"
*(Oh, it's harder, let me tell you, than anybody thinks,
To resist that sweet, seductive voice, the calling of the
links!)*

Here, with buying and with selling,
Sordid things oppress the mind;
There, fair nature has her dwelling
And all cares are left behind.
And the pleasure, beyond measure,
Of free motion in the air—
Good companions, pleasant breezes,
And the greensward everywhere!
*(Oh, it's deep into my bosom that the country longing
sinks,
And I cannot choose but hear it—the calling of the
links!)*

Shut the desk on all the letters!

Let the dry old fogies frown

(Though my elders and my betters),

And farewell the dusty town!

Something calls me, and I'll answer,

Something lures me and I fall;

For the cry of "fore" is sounding,

And the whizzing of the ball.

*(Oh, it's harder, let me tell you, than the dry old foggy
thinks,*

*To resist that sweet seductive voice, the calling of the
links!)*

Anna Emilia Lang.



THE WOOD

'Tis fine to sink a ten foot putt,
There's pleasure in a mashie shot;
The well-played niblick from the rut
Delights and thrills the soul a lot.
When I approach in manner neat
It pleases me and does me good;
But no sensation is so sweet
As perfect timing of the wood.

Let experts, in opinions wise,
Extol the iron, as they will,
And tell of all the joy that lies
Within a shot that's played with skill.
I've read their books and papers through,
And some of them I've understood;
But there's no thrill that's equal to
The perfect timing of the wood.

O, sweet the thrill that comes to me
When I have launched a proper drive!
I stand and watch it from the tee
The proudest, happiest man alive.
What matters if I lose the hole
By dubbing strokes I never should?
I have, to soothe my troubled soul,
The joy that's only born of wood.

Not all the charm of putts that drop,
 Nor all the thrills of irons straight,
 Can compensate for drives I top
 Or brassey shots I meet too late.
 All other pleasures I'd forego
 And gladly, if I only could
 The game's supremest joy to know—
 The perfect timing of the wood.

Edgar A. Guest.

THE NINETEENTH HOLE

THE nineteenth hole! The game is done!
 Now for the laughter and the fun!
 Recounting all the strokes we've played,
 The little putts that sadly strayed,
 The easy holes we should have won.
 From lip to lip the stories run,
 And never-ended tales begun.
 We reach it joyous, undismayed,
 The nineteenth hole.
 Good Lord, when all is said and done,
 And darkness comes with setting sun,
 May I, with conscience unafraid,
 Turn in the score that I have made,
 Nor fear with coward heart to shun
 The nineteenth hole.

Henry Litchfield West.



A CHRONIC SEMI-FINALIST

I'm a semi-final hoodoo ;
I'm afraid
I can never do as you do,
Jimmie Braid.
I've a genius not to do it,
I excel at almost to it,
But I never can go through it,
I'm afraid.
I have seen how Hilton plays it,
I, dismayed,
And each problem how he weighs it,
Unafraid.
Straight he goes, for woe or weal,
And his nerves are bits of steel,
Made to work and not to feel ;
Thus he played.

Now it's just as plain as can be,
I can't putt;
So I must an also-ran be,
In a rut.

Hilton! Could I do as you do!
Oh, a mascot for my hoodoo!
Travis, tell me how 'tis you do
That small putt.

So this is a heartfelt cry
Of my muse.
Fate, I beg you hear my sigh,
Don't refuse.

I ask not the nation's prize,
But the finals tempt my eyes—
Halfway finals I despise,
When I lose.

Oh, a mascot, for I'm ever
One of four;
Quatrefoil and horseshoe never
Brings me more.

A new mascot do I need,
Hoodoo-proof and guaranteed
To the finals it will lead—
Nothing more.

Charles Evans, Jr.

NOTE.—The above lament was published in January, 1912, before Mr. Evans overcame his hoodoo.

THE CLAN ANGORA

By the old Soho Pagoda, 'neath the spreadin' chest-
nut tree,

Sits a crafty, schemin' golfer, an' I know 'e waits for
me;

For the breeze is in the tree-tops, an' the whisperin'
leaves they say,

"Come on back, you cowardly ducker, for you've got a
match to play.

 Come on back," I hear them say,

 "Cut out workin' for a day;

Can't you 'ear the irons clickin' as they send the balls
away?

 Get a 'ustle! On your way!

 Let your business slide today.

'Urry up! Your man is waitin' an' you've got a match
to play."

'Is golfin' shoes is buckskin, an' 'e wears an' old white
'at;

An' 'is motions are delib'rate, but 'e's foolin' you with
that;

For I seed 'im first a-drivin' with a iron off the tee,

An' 'is golfin' style was rotten an' 'e looked a cinch to
me.

 "Get 'im out," I cries in glee,

 "For 'e's easy meat to me;

Get 'im out and make 'im 'urry for 'is Goat belongs
to me.

Get 'im out to play with me,

An' you all can come and see

'Ow I'll lick 'im to a frazzle—'e's not one-two-three
with me."

So they watched us an' I played 'im; I 'ad to give 'im
six;

An' I started off rambunctious, unsuspecting of 'is
tricks;

For 'e couldn't drive a golf ball half as far as I could
clout,

But that seemed to make no diff'rence when the 'ole was
putted out.

For 'e'd keep right on the flag,

An' when 'is playing seemed to lag,

An' I thought I'd surely got 'im, 'e'd a new shot in 'is bag.

An' I felt my spirits sag,

An' my leaden feet to drag,

As 'e laid a stymie on me when I'd played dead to the flag.

So we tramped the bloomin' greensward, an' I never 'ad
a show,

For the robber, 'e'd be waitin', let me play 'em fast or
slow;

An' my bloomin' heart was breakin' when I 'ad a putt
to win,

As 'is cut shot (taught by Mackie), for a 'arf went
down the tin.

An' the world seemed cold and gray,

As I 'eard 'im slyly say:

“Gee, it's funny 'ow your tee shots always find the
rough today!”

An' I cursed 'is leerin' look,

When my second reached the brook,

An' 'e says, “I know'd you get it. Do you always play
the 'ook?”

So I played 'im and 'e beat me. Yes, 'e done me good
an' brown.

When we added up the score card four an' three 'e 'ad
me down.

An' I own a murd'rous impulse when I 'eard the jeerin'
note

In the beggar's dev'lish chuckle as I 'anded 'im my
Goat.

I was sore and sad and blue;

Way down in my 'eart I knew

That I ought to trim a duffer what ain't got no follow
through;

But I want to say to you,

An' you know I'm speakin' true,

Any dub can win by stymies, and the robber laid me two.

Eugene D. Collins.

IF GRAY HAD BEEN A GOLFER

BENEATH these rugged elms, that maple's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
heap,
Each in his last eternal bunker laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Oft to the harvest did their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
Ah, but they had no mashies then to wield,
They never learned to use the Vardon stroke.

The poor old souls! They only lived to toil,
To sow and reap and die, at last, obscure;
They never with their niblick tore the soil—
How sad the golfless annals of the poor!

The pomp of power may once have thrilled the souls
Of unenlightened men—today it sinks
Beneath the saving grace of eighteen holes!
The paths of glory lead but to the links.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart that would have quickened to the game;
Hands that the lovely baffy might have swayed,
To Colonel Bogey's everlasting shame.

Full many a hole was passed by them unseen,
Because no fluttering flag was hoisted there;
Full many a smooth and sacred putting green
They tore up with the plough, and didn't care.

Some village Taylor, that with dauntless breast
Could whang the flail or swing the heavy maul;
Some mute inglorious Travis here may rest,
Some Harriman who never lost a ball.

Far from the eager foursome's noble strife
They levelled bunkers and they piled the hay,
Content to go uncaddied all through life,
And never were two up and one to play!

No further seek their hardships to disclose,
Nor stand in wonder at their lack of worth;
Here in these bunkers let their dust repose;
They didn't know St. Andrews' was on earth.

S. E. Kiser.

PERFECTLY SATISFIED

THERE was a little man,
And a handicap he won,
And the cup it was made of lead, lead, lead;
It cost a dollar-five,
But "Goodness, sakes alive,
I'm tickled half to death," he said, said, said.

Anonymous.

THE LOST BALL

A LITTLE lost ball am I, the last
In a dozen, smooth and white;
By a terrible, terrible man harassed
I tremblingly rushed from sight.
In a certain haven I hide, apart,
As only a golf ball can—
A victim I, with a broken heart,
Of the wicked deceit of man.

My owner—his name I will ne'er disclose;
You would guess and guess in vain—
Was reckoned as godly a man that grows,
And never, no, never, profane.
Repute that even with faith instilled
Such a spotless soul as I!
And while he waggled, with joy I thrilled,
There at his feet to lie.

He swung his weapon—I turned my face,
Awaiting the swift descent.
But lo, the earth for an awesome space
Was battered and torn and rent!
He swung again, with a playful smile,
And a manner stern, austere—
The club but whistled above, the while
It sundered the air, anear!

And then, and then, in a sudden rage,
He flourished that errant cleek,
And not for worlds would I soil this page
With the words I heard him speak!
He waggled not, and he used no care,
Nor measured the clean, straight course;
But oh, the pains that he took to swear!
And he smote with all his force.

'Twas a grievous blow (in a two-fold sense)
And shocked and amazed I fled.
O'er green and bunker and barbed-wire fence
My shuddering flight was led.
And here I slumber, 'mid converse sweet,
Of rabbit and mouse and bird;
And try to forget, in my calm retreat,
The terrible things I heard.

E. L. Sabin.



FORE

UPONNE ye tee ye Golfer standes,
 A cruelle Driver in hys handes,
 Wherewith he means toe smite ye Balle,
 That there soe harmlesse lyes & smalle.
 It is hys Hope to lightlie playe
 Over ye Hilles & far awaye.

With firme resolve hys Stauce he takes
 & eke a mightie swingyng makes.
 Ye Balle, scarce hurtte, skippes merrilie
 Straighte toe ye Bunker from ve Tee.
 Ye Golfer is of sorrie mien,
 A frowne uponne hys Browe is seen;
 Hys wordes, notte often used in printe,
 Wille give one of hys Moode a hinte.

He sourlie toe ye Bunker goes,
 Whereinne hys Balle hath founde repose.
 Thryce doth he stryve toe loft ye sphere,
 But Sande and Gravelle interfere.
 Ye Balle, unscathed, serenelie lyes,
 Toe mocke ye Man his angrie eyes.

Butte every Balle must have its daye.
 Atte last ye sphere hath sped awaye;
 & now ye Golfer, blithe of hearte,
 Thinks he hath wonne a goodlie starte.
 But sad toe telle, he findes hys Balle

Hidyng behind a Tar-weed talle.
He maye notte lifte, he must notte **break**
Ye weede, for verie pitie sake.
Hys frenzied stroke removes ye Weede,
Butte slight hys profite, sore hys neede;
Ye Balle, bewitched, proceeds toe rolle
Fulle 7 feete intoe a hole,
A hole that yawnes both deepe & wide,
With Weede and Gritte on evrie side.

A stroke is wasted onne ye grounde,
A seconde, ere ye Balle is founde.
He roundlie chydes ye Prince of Sportes,
Then toe hys Brassey he resorts.
Ye Balle flyes far, ye Balle flyes faste,
Untille ye Puttyng Green be paste;
Butte hys approche is true and straighte;
Hys soul of gloome is now elate.
Like anie Cocke he seemes to strutte,
For he hath holed a tenne inche Putt.

Tho' fickle Fortune he invokes,
Ye nexte is made in 13 strokes.
Yet onne and onne hys Course he wendes,
Foul Luck, notte faire, hys playe attendes.
Hole after Hole is rudelie loste,
Yet stayes he notte to counte ye coste.

Alle thro ye sultrie Afternoone
He knowes hys Starre will rise oftsoone;

Nor hath hys golfynge ardor waned
 Untille ye 18th Hole is gained.
 Ye score doth show with rude dispatche
 Howe he hath more than mette hys matche.
 Thus blue of Minde & wearied sore,
 He seeks ye cosie Club once more.

Well may ye carpynge critic aske,
 Why he performes soe harde a taske;
 & hath ye Pastime syne a name—
 'Tis Golfe, anne Anciente Scottish game.

Benj. Aymar.

DECEMBER

THE ball and bat are laid away,
 The umpire's voice is still;
 The bleacherites no longer bray
 O'er diamond bleak and chill.
 The pigskin drops disconsolate,
 The flying wedge has flown;
 Shorn are the locks that on each pate
 Erst formed a hirsute crown.
 But lo! upon the landscape hoar,
 A scarlet form appears,
 And frequent bellowings of "Fore!"
 Assail our frosted ears.

M. W. Pool.

STOW THE STICKS

WHEN Autumn's chill is o'er the land,
And maple leaves are turning gold;
When coal trucks are on every hand,
And Summer's radiant tale is told;
When steam first crackles through the pipe,
And geese fly southward day by day;
When hunters trek the fen for snipe,
Then, golfers, stow your sticks away.

When days are short and nights are long,
And sweethearts hover 'round the grate;
When winds no longer croon a song,
But shriek in tones that irritate;
When Summer drinks have disappeared,
And rye and bourbon hold full sway;
When stalwart trees stand gaunt and seared,
Then, golfers, stow your sticks away.

Just bid the caddie sad farewell,
And in your lockers put away
The pristine balls, that eke would tell
The splendid scores you did not play;
Go, golfers, get an ample stock
Of rock-and-rye without delay;
Then get your blanket out of hock,
And stow your golfing sticks away.

C. P. McDonald.

MY FIRST GOLF CUP

I took it home with me, and on the way
I carried it with tender, loving pride;
It meant so much to me, for, strange to say,
The crimson bag a golf cup held inside.

I was not in the first flight—not at all!
The humble fourth contained my modest name;
And yet no champion follower of the ball
E'er struggled harder on the road to fame.

I kept the faith! No Scotch, not even when
I labored moistly through a soggy rain;
Each night in bed just as the clock struck ten,
In order that my nerves might stand the strain.

Each match hard fought, and when the round was done,
I felt exceeding joy within my soul.
I nearly fainted when at last I won
My final match upon the eighteenth hole.

To me that cup looked tall as Eifel tower!
It shone resplendent as the noonday sun;
Nor costliest jewel in my lady's bower
Was half so radiant to look upon.

But when at home I placed that cup on view,
Running the gantlet of three pairs of eyes,
I heard this comment: "*Honestly, did you
Work three whole days to get this dinky prize?*"

Henry Litchfield West.



GOLF LINKS

WHAT are the links of golf we prize?
The ground o'er which the fine drive flies?
The dirt of acres finely kept?
The putting greens so smoothly swept?
The fair green 'twixt the magic holes?
The guiding flags on teasing poles?
The long grass out of which we pitch?
The bunker, hazard, pond and ditch?

Not these true golfers love the most,
Though over them we like to boast.
These earthly links are paths serene
To things of nobler worth unseen.
Golf clubs are rivets that secure;
Strong links of chains that long endure.
We name a few. Each golfer knows
How link to link his own chain grows.

NATURE

Golf links to Nature—dear old dame—
Her skies, her sward, her trees. The game
On breast of Mother Earth we play,
And learn to love her more each day.

HEALTH

Golf links to Health. Hygeia's grace
Doth weary muscle, brain, replace
Through stride and swing, and open pores,
In sunny air, God's out-of-doors.

PEACE

Golf links to Peace. Far from the mind
It drives the cobwebs, soothes the grind
Of business, trouble, care and fret.
In golf, life's bunkers we forget.

HONOR

Golf links to Honor, for we dare
A count and contest strictly fair.
We play the lie, confess the stroke,
Nor let our shame untruth provoke.

MEN

Golf links to Men. No lonesome thrives.
We putt into each other's lives.
Our sticks are hooks both keen and strong
That grip our friendship tight and long.

SELF

Golf links to Self. The noblest soul,
Not Colonel Bogey, wins the hole.
The gentleman, self-mastered, high,
Plays par with self to victory.

GOD

Golf links to God. For, in His sight,
 Both work and play, when done aright,
 Help men to grow. And manhood true
 Best shows the world what God can do.

PRIZES

Golf wins these prizes of our game—
 Above all titles, cups and fame;
 Within the reach of all they lie.
 Why love we golf? You now know why.

W. C. Bitting.

IN THE SPRING

IN the spring a richer tinting comes upon the verdant
 scene;
 In the spring the eager golfers crowd once more around
 the green;
 In the spring a mighty longing sweeps the city's
 crowded plots;
 In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
 mashie shots.

Anonymous.

TO THE INEXPRESSIBLE GLOBE.

STAY there, thou ball, stay there!
Upon thy sandy seat,
Stay there!

What though I'm in a torrid heat?
What though I fix on thee my eye?
What though I swing my club on high?
Never you mind!
Stay there!

Stay there, thou ball, stay there!
By hurtling clubs unstirred,
Stay there!

It's true my words were best unheard;
It's true the match for me looks blue;
It's true I've lost my temper, too—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Stay there!

(It stayed there.)

E. M. Griffith.

A GOLFER'S APPEAL TO HIS CLUBS

O SUPPLE-SHAFTED Driver mine,
Those wayward, impish arts of thine
Subdue this day.

Strike true the sphere, with hefty might,
Guide thou its wings in airy flight,
Pull not to left nor slice to right—
Keep straight, I pray.

I know thou'rt saucy, fickle, coy,
Canst plunge in grief or raise to joy;
Thy wrath one dreads.

Drive not too high, nor on the ground,
Treat booby-traps with scorn profound,
And prove that worth is often found
In wooden heads.

My Brasseey, be this day my friend;
With vigorous strokes my cause defend;
Give wondrous length.

Whate'er the lie, do thou be true;
Ponds, ditches, bunkers, all eschew;
Remember that from thee is due
Firmness and strength.

My Iron, enter not my soul!
To drive one mad is not thy goal,
Thou artful wag.

Oh, cease thy brutalizing mirth,
Take clean the ball from Mother Earth,
And like a patriot show thy worth;
Strike for the flag.

Mashie, with thee in form I'm rich;
This day to "concert" tune thy pitch,
And I'll be gay.

Approach with courage well controlled;
Be not too shy nor yet too bold;
When near the pin the ball has rolled,
There bid it stay.

And when the ball's upon the green,
My Putter, enter thou the scene,
And act thy best.

Leap forth, like mail-clad knight of old,
Or wrestler with the strangle-hold,
And firmly, truly, gently-bold,
Put it to rest.

Respond my clubs, to this my call!
Strive all for each and each for all,
Nor work me ill.
I'll keep you bright as bright can be,
But play your saucy tricks on me,
I'll smash you all across my knee—
By heaven, I will.

Anonymous.

HIS GALLERY

THEY followed him throughout the game,
And shared his triumph with a vim;
The air was ringing with his name;
The gallery was all for him.
Throughout the match he set the pace,
For in the crowd he caught the dim
Fair vision, where a young girl's face
Was all the gallery for him.

THE DUFFER

WHO is it fares each sunny day
Around the links, with spirits gay,
And gets in everybody's way?
The duffer.

Who is it on the green so fair
Hacks out a sod six inches square
And leaves the thing to wither there?
The duffer.

Who is it stops to count his score,
While those behind him yell out "Fore!"
Then adds the whole thing up once more?
The duffer.

Who is it in the bunker high
Scoops with his niblick toward the sky,
And causes only sand to fly?

The duffer.

Who is it sways and squirms and twists,
Yet looks up smiling and insists
He brings the club back with his wrists?

The duffer.

Who is the favored child of Fate,
Who's skill's as small as heart is great,
Whom all must love and none may hate?

The duffer.

Anonymous



GOLF BALDERDASH

'*T*^{WAS} *Snandrews and the bockered oaves*
Did slip and bunk as they oftteed,
The Shemixed Foursomatch.

He took his bulker club in hand,
 Longtime the glumsome foe he fought:
 So rested he by the sixteenth tee,
 And stood awhile in thought.

And as in goffish thought he stood,
 The Potterhunt, with cheeks aflame,
 Came slicing, and in language rude,
 Damashterisked his game.

One up! One up! Though in a cup—
 The mashie blade went flicker-flack—
 He bolted it out and with a shout
 He came two-upping back.

And hast thou flogged the Potterhunt?
 Come to the bar, my beerish boy!
 Oh, pargolf day! Hu(c)roo! Hu(c)ray!
 He hiccoughed in his joy.

"*T*was Snandrews and the bockered oaves
 Did slipe and bunk as they oftteed;
 All grimsey were the caddiecoves,
 And the plusfours outdeed.

Anonymous.

RESUSCITATION

PODGERS treads the verdant links
With blithesome steps and gay,
Humming, as he tramps along,
Some rhythmic roundelay.
His heart pulsates with proud delight,
He scents the breath of fame,
For sure as fate he's struck a gait,
And Podg. is on his game.

Podgers views with pitying eye
His poor opponent, who
Sees naught of glamor in the game
Or beauty in the view;
Who silently, in morbid mood,
Doth fozzle, fuss and fume,
And seems to miss ecstatic bliss
In clouds of mental gloom.

Podgers plays with airy grace,
And drives both straight and free;
His brasseys often reach the green;
He putts unerringly.
In fact, he's playing such a game
That youthful dreams revive,
And to his joy, the dear old boy
Gets round in eighty-five.

Podgers wins out easily:

“Four up and three to play!”
 Sorrows of the painful past
 Are buried deep today.
 He struts the club triumphantly
 And treats the crowd, you bet,
 And cries “Beware, you boys, for there
 Is life in the old dog yet!”

W. Hastings Webling.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GAME OF GOLF

COME, golfing mate, ere 'tis too late,
 Come out upon the tee,
 Prepared to play this glorious day
 A game of golf with me.
 Well in advance now take your stance,
 The honor's yours; begin.
 There's nothing like a game of golf,
 Now let the best man win.

The swing, the drive—the ball's alive!
 On o'er the links we play.
 There's nothing like a game of golf
 To drive dull care away.
 The iron shot dead on the spot,
 The putt that's holed to stay;
 There's nothing like a game of golf
 In all the world today.

Angus S. Hibbard.

REWARD OF MERIT

I HATED the man who conceived it,
While claiming that golf was "immense,"
For she, as a golfer, believed it
Must please every person of sense.
Golf! golf! and more golf! was her passion;
From morning to sunset we played.
With her it was sport—and the fashion;
With me it was winning the maid.

I dressed by the canons, revealing
My unperpendicular pegs
To persons without any feeling,
Who made rude remarks about legs.
I fozzled and putted, and carried
Her clubs when the caddies ran off;
Thinks I, "Aha, miss, when we're married
You'll learn my opinion of golf!"

I played with her straight through the season,
Till cityward wended the throng,
And then I developed my reason
For dancing attendance so long.
And then, "Oh, I thought you a golfer!"
My suit she dismissed with that snub,
And married a gallery scoffer
Who never had wielded a club.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

GOLF

THEY do not know what golf may be
Who call it childish play
To drive a globule from a tee
And follow it away.

They do not understand who scoff
And all its virtues miss;
Who think that this is all of golf—
For golf is more than this.

For golf is earth's ambassador
That comes to haunts of men,
To lure them from the banking floor,
The counter and the pen.
To lead them gently by the hand,
From toil and stress and strife,
And guide them through the summer land,
Along the path of life.

The pastime of philosophers;
For such a man must be
When far away the golf ball whirrs
And hides behind a tree.
A man may see his business fall
And never turn a hair;
But men are strong who lose the ball
And still refuse to swear.

It is a game of honor, too,
That tries the souls of men;
It's easy in the public view
To be all honest men.
But he deserves an angel's wings
Who paths of truth has trod,
When left alone with just two things—
His score card and his God.
If golf shall teach you patiently
Adversity to meet;
If it shall teach philosophy
To keep your temper sweet;
If it shall teach you still to grin
With mirth, no matter what—
You are a victor if you win
A loving cup or not. *Anonymous.*

A PSALM OF GOLF

DRIVES of short length all remind us
That in bunkers we may land,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints in the shifting sand.
Footprints that perhaps another,
Struggling with his clubs in vain,
Some forlorn and fozzling brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

H. H. P.

THE CLEVER CADDY

I USED to think my caddy
A little Philistine;
That vegetable ivory
Composed his childish bean;
That he was most benighted
And foolish in the nut,
A blithering boob and other things,
I used to think it—**BUT**

My caddy's erudition,
His sapience and wit,
Are simply flabbergasting—
I can't get over it!
That pungent perspicacity!
That comprehension keen!
Acumen and sagacity—
(If you know what I mean).

Why, say, he has a massive brain,
A cerebrum immense,
A convoluted coco,
An onion full of sense.
A thinker stuffed with wisdom,
An attic crammed with tricks,
A fine cephalic gathering
Of ologies and ics.

I used to think my caddy
A gem of purest bone,
But then I was mistaken;
My fault I freely own.
I know now he's a genius
Of rare and lambent flame,
For I have overheard him say
I play a clever game.

J. P. McEvoy.

THE SENTIMENTAL GOLFER

THE driver—aye, I miss it much!
One needs its strong assistance,
As doth the cripple need his crutch,
To win him any distance.
The cleek—a wondrous aid it adds
Where slopes are smoothly grassy;
But give to me the brasse, lads,
Because it rhymes with lassie!
The lofter—true, 'tis useful quite,
To rise from dip or hollow;
The iron—swung with main and might,
A goodly stroke will follow.
The mashie—he who well employs
Belauds it, light or massy;
But give to me the brasse, boys,
Because it rhymes with lassie!

Clinton Scollard.

THE GAME

I PLACE a brand new ball upon the tee,
With mighty swing I hit the thing away,
And as it sinks into the bracken sea,
I murmur to the ball, "Good day."

I watch another with a well-worn ball,
And half my tutored skill, send it in flight,
To eat the distance in its rise and fall,
And murmur to myself, "Good night."

Oh, what's the use? I play and pay and pay.
Each time I play I almost want to cry;
And so I think I'll put my clubs away,
And murmur to the game, "Good-bye."

But do I? Seek the answer in the rough;
Let hazards speak and bunkers tell of strife.
As long as golfing trees bear nuts enough
I'll be an also-ran—you bet your life.

John Campbell Hayward.

A GOLFER'S GARDEN OF VERSES

OFFICE IN SUMMER

I N winter, when the links are white,
I'm at the office until night.
In summer, when the course is green,
I always catch the 12.15.

I have to stay till then to see
The business folks who bother me.
There's always something to detain,
And more than once I've missed my train.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
That I must office half the day,
With only eighteen holes to play?

WHOLE DUTY OF GOLFERS

A golfer, when he plays with you,
Should speak when he is spoken to,
And keep his score card free from fable;
At least so far as he is able.

RAIN

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on turf and tee;
But I don't care how wet I get—
I made that hole in three.

TRAVEL

Winters I should like to go
Where there is no cold and snow;
Where, below another sky,
Lureful links Elysian lie;
Where, with nothing else to do,
I should golf the whole day through,
Pausing only now and then
For a bite, then back again.
Southward I would track the sun.
Travel always broadens one.

PRAYERS

Every night my prayers I say,
And ask a better score next day;
And every day, for all my care,
My card would make St. Andrew swear.

Bert Leston Taylor.

A NOBLE LIFE WORK

A GOLFER's wife should not feel life is wasted,
Nor that her days at home are dull and long.
Let her fulfill her very sacred mission,
And serving Him should make life one sweet song.

There are His golf shirts to be washed and ready,
And sox prepared against the Next Day's Match.
And foursome's dinners cooked at weirdest seasons;
A Golfer's door she should keep on the latch.

Then she can hush the noisy offspring quiet;
At twilight they must midnight's silence keep;
On the momentous Night Before the Finals,
The wakeful He at least should try to sleep.

And in those long, long, early dawning hours
When she must rise to feed and Him god-speed,
She will find lots and lots of time to wash out
And press the golf pants that he next will need.

Throughout the solemn watches of the long nights,
When he is playing far away, 'tis nice
To have so many quiet hours to read in;
Quite silly to dread burglars fierce or mice.

Why then for mountains pine, or lake, or river?
 At seaside's luring salty charms just scoff!
 Where could a woman find a nobler, holier mission,
 Than keeping Him in perfect trim for golf?

E. M. Gardner.

THE LINGUISTIC LIMIT

HE had been a Latin scholar,
 And had mastered modern Greek.
 For a paltry wagered dollar,
 He learned Hebrew in a week.
 Sanscrit and antique Phœnician,
 Or the scripts of Yucatan,
 Were as simple as addition
 To this language learned man.

Patois, race pronunciations,
 And the Chinese alphabet
 He knew well; to fifty nations
 He could speak their tongue; and yet
 Finally his learning failed him
 And his thought and speech were off;
 For no language gifts availed him
 With the dialect of golf.

Anonymous.

STILL HOPING

WHEN I attempt a practice swing
And 'round my head the driver bring,
The club seems like a living thing,
Responding gladly;
But when the ball before me lies,
(A dimpled object 'neath my eyes),
I swing—and much to my surprise,
I fozzle badly.

In dreams I play the course in par!
My drives are certain, straight and far!
My brassies do not leave a scar,
My putts are wonders!
And yet when through the green I go,
I dub and flub and puff and blow;
My play—it always happens so—
Is full of blunders.

From driving tee to putting green
The way lies clear. 'Twere easy seen
If no ill luck should intervene,
The hole I'd capture;
But, never keeping in the course,
My ball seeks ditch and trap and gorse,
Filling my soul with sad remorse,
Instead of rapture.

Filled with the golfer's sturdy hope,
 I tread the valley, mount the slope,
 And with all difficulties cope,
 In grim decision;
 I'd like to make a bogey four,
 But, sad to tell, an eight or more
 Will be recorded on my score
 To haunt my vision.

Still I shall not give up the game!
 Some day I'll wear a wreath of fame,
 And in the *Golfer* find my name,
 Set down a winner.
 I'll lay the tuneful lyre away.
 Give me my clubs! Again I'll play,
 And make a seventy-nine today,
 Or I'm a sinner! *Henry Litchfield West.*

PERFECT FORM

SHE did not know a driver from a cleek;
 She fozzled and the near-by sod she tore;
 She couldn't make the course within a week,
 There was no need to cry a warning "fore!"
 Her stance, her swing, and e'en her waggles—all
 Were not according to the ethics; yet
 Although she very seldom hit the ball
 Her form was simply perfect—yes, you bet!
Anonymous.

THE TERRIBLE LINKS

I SPOKE about some well-known books,
I asked her if she read.
She charmed me with her woman's looks,
But "no" was what she said.

Quite lightly then I touched on art,
But naught had she to say.
E'en as I spoke I saw her heart
And eyes were far away.

I spoke of love in such a tone
As might have made her blush.
Yet to her cheek's full-rounded zone
The color did not rush.

She simply muttered, as I ground
My feet into the floor:
"It seems too good! I've gone around
At last in ninety-four."

Tom Masson.

THE FIRST GAME

It is so queer you do not play.
I'll teach you how," said she,
"If you will go some leisure day
To Wheaton links with me."
And so it happened we were found
One fateful day in June,
Armed and equipped to play a round
And pass an afternoon.
"This pat of sand is called a 'tee'
From which I drive the ball."
She struck and watched the ball—not me—
Which I liked not at all.
So round the course we played that day—
I need not say she won—
And I am also free to say,
Her patience was all gone.
"To teach you how to play," she said,
"Would take me all my life."
"I could do better," I replied,
"If you would be my wife."
She dropped her eyes and said, "I've found
You do not need a 'coach'
To teach you some things; in one round
You've learned how to approach."

Anonymous.

IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE LIES

WHAT though you have your stance O. K.,
Your swing and follow through;
What though you have the nerve and play
Quite as top-notchers do;
Eye quite correct, in distance up,
Your putting a surprise—
Yet you're not sure to win the cup!
It all depends upon the lies.

What though your pro does seventy-eight,
And you a ninety-two;
The latter, not a rapid gait,
Seems very good to you.
But lo! some stranger to the links
Turns up, a "lonesome" tries;
His card reads seventy-six, he *thinks!*
It all depends upon the lies.

What though she daily breaks a stick,
In ev'ry hazard falls;
What though she dots the fair green thick
With divots, and she mauls
Her irons into stones and such,
You can't deny she tries
To keep her score from mounting much!
It all depends upon the lies.

Arthur Hinds.

THE SUPREME TEST

THE suitor warmly pressed his suit;
 (You know the suit I mean);
The father listened patiently—
 His daughter was a queen.
“How do you know you love my girl?”
 Then asked the cautious dad.
The suitor said: “I’ve golfed with her,
 And love her still, by Gad!”
“I’ve seen it, too,” her father cried,
 Then meekly bowed his head.
“Her one best hole was seventeen—
 She’s yours!” the old man said.

Anonymous.

THE QUEEN OF THE LINKS

WHEN gentle Alice swings the club,
Her crimson lips apart,
Incontinent across the green
The nimble gutties dart.
To see her drive and loft and putt,
Would teach a dunce love's art,
And at her very first approach
I straightway lost my heart.

"What shall we call the winner in
This twosome match?" she said.
"I think that victory deserves a name,"
Exclaimed this winsome maid.
"I'd like to call her Alice, dear,"
I boldly answered back;
She pouted just a bit at first,
And then she called me Jack.

"There's nothing in the rules," she said,
(It thrilled me through with bliss)
"About a penalty or fine,
If players chance to kiss;
I may accord an extra one
On every putting green."
And rapturously then I cried,
"You are my golfing Queen."

"I hardly think," sweet Alice said,
 "That I could reign alone—
 I feel quite certain I should need
 A partner on the throne;
 So if you'll teach me how to reign,
 And your experience bring,
 I'll call a consort to my aid,
 And you shall be my King."

William Lincoln Balch.

PHYLLIS OF THE LINKS

PHYLLIS is a golfing maid;
 Cupid is her caddie.
 At her feet my heart I laid,
 But oh! that wicked laddie!
 Up he picks my pulsing heart,
 All unknown to me,
 Wounds it with a brassey dart,
 And lays it on the tee.
 Phyllis drove a fearsome drive,
 Almost past our ken.
 But lo! the ball, as if alive,
 Came bounding back again.
 Bounding back it came, although
 Much it pained to grieve her.
 Phyllis lost her stroke, for oh!
 My heart, it couldn't leave her!

Edmund Vance Cooke.

BEATING 'EM TO IT

Yes, pal, I know just how it was—you should have
won a mile;
You had him trimmed ten ways on form and twenty
ways on style;
You had him stewed into a trance—you had him strung
until
You went and blew a ten-inch putt where something
tipped the pill;
A putt you wouldn't miss again the whole blank summer
long—
A pop-eyed pipe to anchor—am I right or am I wrong?

I get you, pal,—don't say a word—he wasn't in your
class;
You had no less than twelve bad kicks that plunked you
in the grass;
While you were straight upon the pin, he fozzled every
shot,
But somehow skidded on the green, and gathered in
the pot;
No, not a word; I know, old top—your case is nothing
new—
I know, because each time I lose they beat me that
way, too.

Grantland Rice.

THE LIAR OF THE LINKS

I HAVE been from Maine to Denver and from Denver
to the coast,
And I've met with many liars, great and small;
I've listened to New England brag and Minnesota
boast,
And the wildest western whopper of them all.
But I want to go on record that it is my firm belief
That for quality that never fades nor shrinks,
The uncrowned King of Liars, the General-in-Chief,
Is the glib and gifted Liar of the Links.

The old familiar lies of mighty deeds with rod and gun,
The trick that caught the trout or killed the moose,
Are simply brainless bubbles when this most accom-
plished son
Of Ananias once gets fairly loose.
He will tell you how in driving from the sixth or seventh
tee,
Some thirty minutes after set of sun,
His ball slipped through the bark upon a slippery elm
tree,
Then caromed from a branch and holed in one.
He will tell you how in lofting once his ball went up so
high,
It took at least three minutes to come down;
And how he won by twenty holes and didn't have to
try,

Against the celebrated slasher Brown.
He will also tell of bunkers high as any mountain peak,
Over which he's sent his ball with deadly aim;
And with manner bold and brassy he will lie about the
cleek
With which he won the championship game.

He will tell about the blindfold game he played a year
ago,
When he made his famous round in fifty-three;
He will tell how he's defeated all the best this land
can show,
And many famous chaps across the sea.
In short, with all respect to other liars here and there,
For versatile mendacity, methinks
He stands alone, unparalleled and quite beyond com-
pare,
This monumental Liar of the Links.

E. C. Walcott.

ONE DOWN AND ONE UP

THE golden gorse ablaze,
Turns into purple haze,
Where in the distance fades the sunset glow;
The note of birds is gay,
Piping their cheerful lay,
The murmur of the sea is faint and low;

And slender spires are seen
Peeping above the green;
White clouds o'erhead sail lazily and slow;
Yet there is one who sees
No beauty in the trees;
One who is blind to country and to town;
For at the eighteenth hole,
This thing doth vex his soul—
His adversary holds him by "one down."

The day is cold and drear,
The autumn leaves are sere,
A chill and searching wind blows o'er the lea;
No song of birds is heard,
Or plowboy's cheering word;
From far off sounds the thunder of the sea;
The chill mist dropping down,
Hides all the distant town,
The cold rain drips from every bush and tree;
And yet one heart is light,
Heedless of coming night;
Of happiness alone one drinks the cup;
For at the eighteenth hole,
This cheers the golfer's soul—
He leads his adversary by "one up."

George H. Sargent.

THREE UP ON ANANIAS

A GROUP of golfers sat one day
Around the nineteenth hole,
Exchanging lies and alibis
Athwart the flowing bowl.
“Let’s give a cup,” said one of them,
A sparkle in his eye,
“For him among us who can tell
The most outrageous lie.”
“Agreed,” they cried, and one by one,
They played way under par,
With yarns of putts and brassey shots
That travelled true and far;
With stories of prodigious swipes—
Of holes they made in one—
Of niblick shots from yawning traps,
As Vardon might have done.
And when they noticed, sitting by,
Apart from all the rest,
A stranger, who had yet to join,
The fabricating test;
“Get in the game,” they said to him,
“Come on and shoot your bit.”
Whereat the stranger rose and spoke,
As follows, or to wit:

"Although I've played some holes in one
 And other holes in two;
 Although I've often beaten par,
 I kindly beg of you
 To let me off—for while I might
 Show proof of well-earned fame,
 I never speak about my scores
 Or talk about my game."

They handed him the cup at once,
 Their beaten banners furled;
 Inscribing first, below his name,
 "The champion of the world."

Grantland Rice.

THE REASON

You are old, Father William," the young man said.
 "And your swing has become very flat,
 And yet you incessantly lay the ball dead.
 Pray what is the reason for that?"

"In my youth," Father William replied, "it is that
 I studied and practised and swore;
 But now I just step up and give it a swat—
 What reason for anything more?"

Anonymous.

THE GOLF BONNET

WITH poet pencil subtle,
In days of "scoop" and "scuttle,"
Rob Herrick sang to Julia in quaintly fashioned phrase;
And when Priscilla, modest,
Wore headgear of the oddest,
Her sober millinery even won its meed of praise.

But ah! not a scintilla
Care I for prim Priscilla!
With Julia's antique fripperies I would not be acquaint;
If I should write a sonnet,
I'd sing the golfing bonnet,
Whose ruffled glory crowns her like the nimbus of a
saint.

When skies are pink at morning,
Of cloudless weather warning,
And Phœbus gets him up to march unwinking 'round
the world;
Though ardently he kisses,
His winsome mark he misses,
When o'er her brow her bonnet's jealous banner is
unfurled.

Yet oftentime it chances
That, fearing not his glances,
In intervals of resting under leafy branches dim,

With shadows intervening,
She needs no bonnet's screening,
But shows her face completely in the halo of its brim.

I, too, have found its visor
A very tantalizer;
For when the game is over and the players leave the
links,

Although I walk beside her,
It yet contrives to hide her,
While Phœbus, the defeated, smiles as down the west
he sinks.

What matters his deriding?
For, patiently abiding,
Till half she turns unto me as we saunter slowly on,
As swift I lean toward her,
Lo! in its crimplly border,
Her cheek has caught the color of its frills of rosy
dawn.

Oh, often may she don it,
Her bonny golfing bonnet!
And as she deftly ties her dainty head its shade within,
Though down she looks demurely,
Full well she knows, securely
She holds my heart a captive in the bow beneath her
chin.

Jennie Betts Hartswick.

THE GOLFER

HE bought two gaudy, scarlet coats,
Brass buttons, with green collars;
His knickerbockers made the bill
Close to \$100.

The golf club that he joined was large,
Established well and thrifty;
And for his fee, in good hard cash,
He next put up a 50.

His brassey, cleeks and putter fine,
The club with which to drive,
The bag, the balls, and other sticks,
Cost nearly 25.

With shoes, broad-soled, with hob-nails filled,
He next his feet bedecks;
For them he gave up in exchange
A crisp, new green-backed X.

For sundries, like a code of rules,
White paint, a rubber tee,
And books to tell him how to play,
He dropped at least a V.

At last he started out one day,
And as he hit the fence—
“Gee!” some one heard the caddie say,
“He plays like 30 cents.”

Anonymous.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT GOLFER

(Conceding two strokes to Colonel Coleridge)

I T was an Ancient Golfer,
And he stoppeth one of three;
“By thy baffing spoon, thou crazy loon,
Now wherefore stoppeth me?”

He held me with his glittering eye,
I had to get that alibi.

“I drove them straight from every tee,
I soaked them on the crest;
I played my mashie like a Braid,
Or Vardon at his best.

“But eke when I had reached the green,
I was a pie-eyed mutt;

I could have had a 68
If I could only putt.

"I putted slow—I putted fast—
I made them roll and hop;
I putted standing up and crouched,
But still they would not drop.

"About—about, in reel and rout,
My score went on the blink;
Aye, putters, putters everywhere,
But not a putt would sink.

"I hit the cup eleven times,
And rimmed it seven more;
I bit my arm, I shrieked aloud,
I wept and then I swore;
I should have got a 68,
But got a 94."

I left that crazy loon and ran,
As any one would do,
And hustled off to tell a guy
About the putts I blew;
How I deserved a 66,
And got a 92.

Grantland Rice.

THE ULTIMATE WISH

A GOLFER lost one thousand bucks,
Through sly, strategic guile,
But sweetly and submissively
He lost it with a smile.

A fire razed his home and goods,
And left him poor as sin,
But though he lost his habitat,
He didn't lose his grin.

A deft, determined auto thief
Meandered with his car;
The golfer merely laughed "Tee! hee!"
And also chortled "Ha!"
His wife decamped one autumn eve
And took the kids along,
But though he lost his familiee,
He didn't lose his song.

In short, no ugly stroke of fate
Could confiscate his nan—
Could cop his happy capricorn—
This philosophic man.
And imperturbable he lived,
A cool and placid bloke,
Until upon one fatal day
He found he'd lost his stroke.

Then blooie went philosophy
And cool, platonic words;
He shouted hot, sulphuric things.
That shocked the little birds;
And curses scoriac suffused
The desiccated scene;
In other words, the poor gazook
Grew balmy in the bean.

MORAL:

A golfing guy may lose his roll,
And still be gay and joke,
But Lord have mercy on his soul
If he should lose his stroke.

J. P. McEvoy.



MY CADDIE

I SOMETIMES wonder what he thinks
As he stands there and looks at me.
I've oft detected sundry winks
To other kids around the tee.
I don't know that I blame him much,
I think I'd have to grin myself,
Were I a caddie chasing such
Erratic drives for sordid pelf.

For every kid who works for me
When I a-golfing go,
Learns every bunker, ditch and tree,
And rough spot that there is to know.
And don't forget the gopher holes;
I drive into them, never fear;
While pond rafts he so often poles,
He quite becomes a gondolier.

He cheers me up with tales of men
Who played as badly as I do.
But who, it would appear, since then
Have done nine holes in forty-two.
He tells me I will do the same
When I've served my novitiate
At this most tantalizing game.
Let's hope he's right, at any rate.

And I have only this to say
About this caddy boy of mine:
He well and truly earns his pay;
His services are superfine.
No eagle has a keener eye
Than he, when golf balls are in flight,
And though he mocks me on the sly,
I must say, "Caddie, you're all right."

Maurice D. Lynch.



MY GOLFING GIRL

TOAST, if you will, a bachelor maid,
Or a lass who braves the sea;
Drink to the health of summer girls,
But the only girl for me
Is one who wears a jaunty tam,
And tie of brilliant hue;
Who drives a ball with grace and force
And skill displayed by few.

Down to the links we often stroll,
When the sun his light unfurls;
Softly the breezes kiss her lips
As they toss her golden curls;
And Dolly all unconscious seems
When bending o'er the tee,
That while she plays with clubs and balls,
She plays the deuce with me.

Yes, I'm in love—and deeply, too,—
But the fact is plain to see,
That Dolly loves the game of golf
Far better than she does me.
And, as I dream of her tonight,
While the creeping shadows rise,
I long to see the love-light shine
In her dark and brilliant eyes.

For in the twilight's deep'ning shade,
As we left the links behind,
I realized my heart was gone,
And with it my peace of mind.
Fair Dolly, as she fixed her clubs
And gathered the balls today,
With them in the depths of her caddy bag
Had stowed my heart away.

Max Thornton.

MATCH PLAY

STREPHON met Phyllis on the links
Upon a breezy morning.
Tee number one was introduced
Without a single warning

About the dangers of the game,
Which certainly was stupid.
The introducer, by the way,
Was Mr. Daniel Q. Pidd.

Tee number two; to watch the ball
Was Strephon most attentive,
But somehow, found his partner's face
A most complete preventive.

In consequence to number three
Sir Strephon's strokes were plenty;
And to believe what some folks say,
Phyllis was "down" in twenty.

At four, the "Punch-bowl," Strephon grew
Inebriate completely;
And Phyllis missed a six inch putt,
But still kept smiling sweetly.

At five, fair Phyllis out of bounds
Soon sent the gutta flying,
Yet didn't seem to find the slice
Particularly trying.

The fond swain strove at number six
To drive off with his putter,
Which, strangely, never caused Miss Phyll
Surprised remarks to utter.

The rest? Well, I can simply state
The rumor now is spreading;
Strephon and Phyllis handed in
"No cards"—excepting "wedding."

William H. Sayward, Jr.

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE LINKS

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun first fell on
Eden's classic course,
Our father Adam stood on the tee and swung at the
ball with force;
And the first rude drive that the world had seen
brought joy to him in a storm,
Till the Devil whispered behind the trees: "A corker—
but was it form?"

Wherefore he called to his wife and tried to fashion
his swing anew,
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most
dread review;
And he left his style to the use of his sons and thought
it a mighty gain,
Till the Devil whispered, "But is it form?" in the ear
of the branded Cain.

They swung and slashed on a hundred links, they
played in a crowded swarm,
Till the Devil grunted behind the tee: "It is striking,
but is it form?"
The cleek was dropped and the brassey stopped and
the idle mashie hung,
While each one talked of the "proper form" and each
in alien tongue.

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—as old as the
 Serpent's wile—
 For each one thinks ere his lip-thatch grows, he is
 master of form and style;
 And each one hears as the twilight nears in the sweep
 of the final storm,
 The Devil call from the darkened pit: "You did it,
 but was it form?"

Grantland Rice.

RESIGNATION

THOUGH one may never hope to gain
 A permanent proficiency,
 The merest duffer may attain
 A working inefficiency.

Anonymous.

NOVEMBER

OUTSIDE the world is howling by,
 Dull winter now is here to stay;
 With heavy heart I heave a sigh,
 And sadly stow my clubs away.

Herbert F. Clark.

LIMERICKS

A GOLFER who now and then swore some,
Took a hand in a very mixed foursome.
Not a word did he say
In the course of the day,
But his subsequent language was awesome.

A caddie remarked to his master:
"Bad lies are a source of disaster.
When the ball's in a cup,
I will just tee it up,
And so we shall get on much faster."

A hole in one stroke was the score
Of a tyro; all shouted, "Encore!"
"I'll not try it again,"
Said this wisest of men,
"For I might take a great many more."

A swiper drove off from the tee,
And remarked with a terrible D,
"I have carried the green,
But has any one seen
The head of my C-L-U-B?"

There was a young lady of yore,
Who won handicap prizes galore,
They put her at scratch,
But she won every match,
For she never could count about four.

A smash—and a very long divot;
My eyes on his next act did rivet;
He leaped 'long the sod,
Picked up the big clod
And replaced it! Would you believe it?

There was a young lady of Bhong,
Whose driving was fearfully long;
But—most fatal of butts—
She was weak with her putts,
Which is just where she should have been strong.

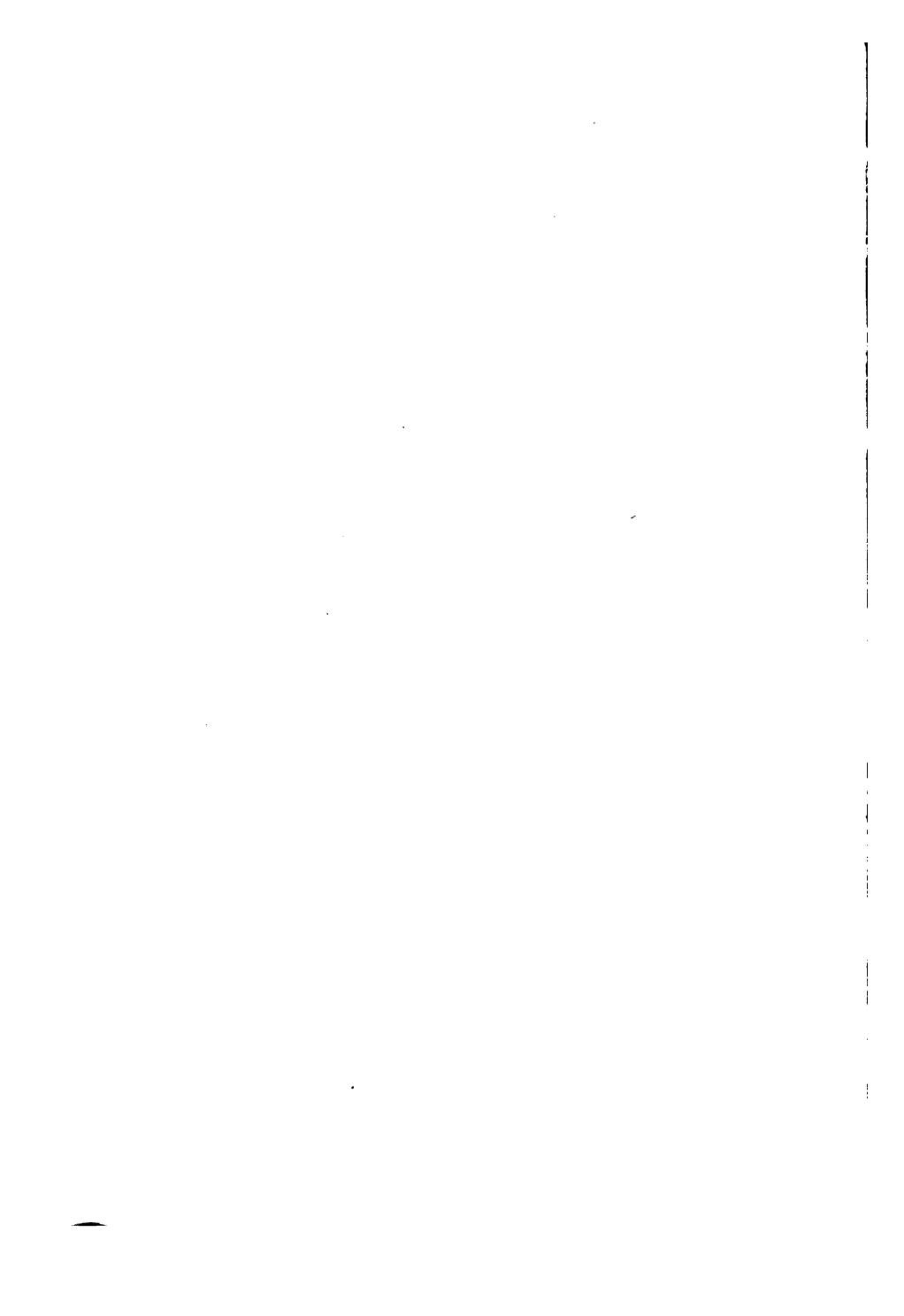
Anonymous.

A giddy young golfer named Cater,
Was reputed to be a first-rater,
For each time he plays
He beats "par," so he says,
But of course he refers to his pater.
Have you played with a duffer named Roe,
Who plays so infernally slow
That he started, they say,
In springtime to play,
And returned with the first fall of snow.

There's a crusty old golfer named Kew,
Who would never let any one through.
When he died Peter cried,
"You can't come inside,
There's a place down below waiting you."
A dapper young golfer named Willie,
While addressing the little white pill, he
Should send it a mile
From his talk and his style,
But the current conjecture is, will he?
A golfer whom we will name Leary,
When not playing golf is quite cheery;
But let him get stuck
By a bit of hard luck
And I think he'd e'en swear at his dearie.

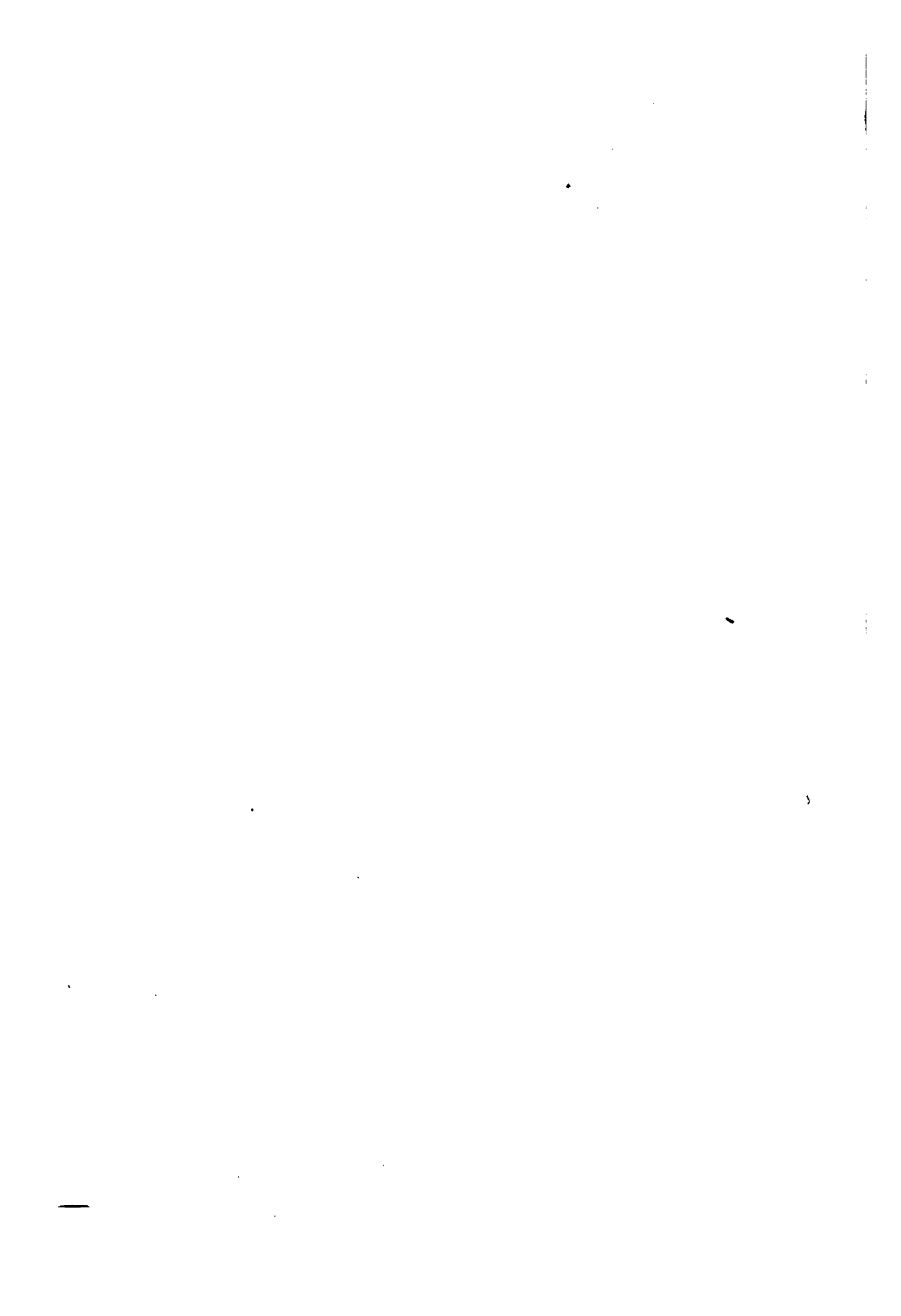
W. Hastings Webling.





INDEX OF AUTHORS





INDEX OF AUTHORS

| AUTHORS UNKNOWN | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| A Golfer's Appeal to His Clubs..... | 116 |
| A Psalm of the Links..... | 12 |
| Autumn | 50 |
| Bunkered | 27 |
| Bunker Wisdom | 3 |
| Faith, Hope and Charity..... | 83 |
| Foozlesome's Spring Song..... | 90 |
| Golf | 124 |
| Golf Balderdash | 120 |
| Golfaiyat | 58 |
| Golf versus Nature | 71 |
| Helping the Game | 60 |
| In the Spring..... | 114 |
| Limericks | 161 |
| Little Things | 53 |
| New Year Resolutions..... | 72 |
| Nine Little Golf Holes..... | 13 |
| On the Golf Club Porch..... | 14 |
| Perfect Form | 134 |
| Perfectly Satisfied | 103 |
| Resignation | 160 |
| Stymie | 69 |
| The Dub's Lament..... | 7 |
| The Duffer | 118 |
| The First Game..... | 136 |
| The Golfer | 149 |
| The Golf Fiend..... | 6 |

| | PAGE |
|------------------------------|------|
| The Linguistic Limit | 132 |
| The Man of Many Clubs | 77 |
| The One Best Tip..... | 71 |
| The Old Hundred | 38 |
| The Reason | 146 |
| The Sitting Hen..... | 51 |
| The Supreme Test..... | 138 |
| Working Overtime | 41 |
| A. E. A. | |
| If | 17 |
| BENJ. AYMAR | |
| Fore | 106 |
| Mickey Nolan | 10 |
| WILLIAM LINCOLN BALCH | |
| The Queen of the Links..... | 139 |
| JOHN KENDRICK BANGS | |
| The Easy Go Club..... | 81 |
| FRANK ROE BATCHELDER | |
| Reward of Merit..... | 123 |
| CHARLOTTE BECKER | |
| When Kitty Golfs | 23 |
| S. K. BENNETT | |
| To a Perfect Putt..... | 68 |
| To the Man who Lost..... | 60 |
| W. C. BITTING | |
| Golf Links | 112 |
| FRANK J. BONNELLE | |
| Fascination | 41 |
| Silence at the Tee..... | 84 |
| The Village Golfer..... | 49 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| W. T. BURGESS | |
| The Bonniest Game o' All..... | 46 |
| D. W. C. | |
| A Song of the Game..... | 88 |
| JOSEPH A. CAMPBELL | |
| When I Putt..... | 76 |
| JOSEPH CHAPMAN | |
| The Three Fates..... | 69 |
| JESSE G. CLARE | |
| A Brighter World..... | 61 |
| HERBERT F. CLARK | |
| November | 160 |
| BEATRICE LOUISE COLBURN | |
| Caught at Last..... | 42 |
| EUGENE D. COLLINS | |
| The Clan Angora..... | 99 |
| EDMUND VANCE COOKE | |
| Phyllis of the Links..... | 140 |
| WALTER N. P. DARROW | |
| A Wonderful Score..... | 86 |
| ROSE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY | |
| A Golf Song..... | 1 |
| The Lorelei of the Links..... | 89 |
| S. G. EATON | |
| The Dubs | 34 |
| Victory | 28 |
| When 'Omer Smote 'Is Bloomin' Ball..... | 48 |
| CHARLES EVANS, JR. | |
| A Chronic Semi-Finalist | 97 |
| SYLVIA FLORANCE | |
| An Over-Drive | 55 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| CLAUDE H. GAMBLE | |
| The Score | 16 |
| E. M. GARDNER | |
| A Noble Life Work..... | 131 |
| THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON | |
| I Saw Phyllis..... | 22 |
| E. M. GRIFFITH | |
| To the Inexpressible Globe..... | 115 |
| EDGAR A. GUEST | |
| A Golfer's Wish..... | 75 |
| The Wood | 95 |
| Yesterday | 78 |
| Your Caddie and You..... | 92 |
| AMELIA ADAMS HARRINGTON | |
| All Sufficient | 59 |
| It's a Great Life..... | 18 |
| JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK | |
| The Golf Bonnet..... | 147 |
| JOHN CAMPBELL HAYWARD | |
| The Game | 128 |
| ANGUS S. HIBBARD | |
| There's Nothing Like a Game of Golf..... | 122 |
| ARTHUR HINDS | |
| It All Depends upon the Lies..... | 137 |
| G. R. HOLLAND | |
| A Bogey Dream..... | 82 |
| MINNA IRVING | |
| The Golf Girl..... | 45 |
| PHILANDER JOHNSON | |
| On the Links..... | 4 |

| | PAGE |
|--------------------------------|------|
| FRANCIS BOWLER KEENE | |
| A Song of Four Seasons..... | 54 |
| A Triolet of Golf..... | 43 |
| Song of the Champion Ball..... | 44 |
| R. P. KEIGWIN | |
| Sprigs of Solace..... | 65 |
| HORACE SEYMOUR KELLAR | |
| The Phantom Links..... | 91 |
| S. E. KISER | |
| If Gray Had Been a Golfer..... | 102 |
| The Pillow Score..... | 56 |
| ANDREW LANG | |
| Ode to Golf..... | 66 |
| Until I Die..... | 68 |
| ANNA AMELIA LANG | |
| The Calling of the Links..... | 93 |
| RING W. LARDNER | |
| The Golfer's Prayer..... | 8 |
| Nocturnal Golf..... | 73 |
| FORBES LINDSAY | |
| The Ball and the Club..... | 36 |
| JOHN T. LEWELLYN | |
| The End of a Perfect Game..... | 33 |
| MAURICE D. LYNCH | |
| My Caddie..... | 154 |
| H. H. M. | |
| A Toast..... | 19 |
| W. MALING-WYNCH, JR. | |
| Like as We Lie..... | 24 |
| TOM MASSON | |
| The Terrible Links..... | 135 |

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| MARTHA MICHEL MARTIN | |
| The Ravin' of a Golf Maniac..... | 62 |
| C. P. McDONALD | |
| Stow the Sticks..... | 109 |
| J. P. McEVOY | |
| The Clever Caddy..... | 126 |
| The Stranger | 37 |
| The Ultimate Wish..... | 152 |
| H. H. P. | |
| A Psalm of Golf..... | 125 |
| M. W. POOL | |
| December | 108 |
| E. C. POTTER | |
| To a Golf Ball..... | 30 |
| GRANTLAND RICE | |
| Beating 'Em to It..... | 141 |
| Rare Species | 32 |
| The Conundrum of the Links..... | 159 |
| The Golfer's Epitaph..... | 26 |
| The Rime of the Ancient Golfer..... | 150 |
| Three Up on Ananias..... | 145 |
| EDWIN L. SABIN | |
| Busy | 20 |
| From Her Caddie..... | 22 |
| The Lost Ball..... | 104 |
| When the Caddie Is Over the Hill..... | 5 |
| GEORGE H. SARGENT | |
| One Down and One Up..... | 143 |
| WILLIAM H. SAYWARD, JR. | |
| Match Play | 157 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| CLINTON SCOLLARD | |
| A Ballade of the Inveterate Golfer..... | 52 |
| Golfer's Ballade for Autumn..... | 21 |
| The Sentimental Golfer | 127 |
| The Ungolfing Lover..... | 40 |
| LAURA SIMMONS | |
| The Lost Ball..... | 35 |
| CARLYLE SMITH | |
| A Tonic for the Game..... | 25 |
| J. H. SMITH | |
| Early Golf | 70 |
| GEORGE B. STAFF | |
| An Amateur's Rosary..... | 59 |
| His Gallery | 118 |
| E. W. STANSBURY | |
| Golfer's Hymn | 67 |
| H. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN | |
| A Favorite of Fortune..... | 19 |
| BERT LESTON TAYLOR | |
| A Golfer's Garden of Verses..... | 129 |
| Why? | 9 |
| MAX THORNTON | |
| My Golfing Girl..... | 156 |
| A. W. TILLINGHAST | |
| Jinx's Office | 57 |
| WALTER UTTING | |
| Her Logic | 29 |
| E. C. WALCOTT | |
| The Liar of the Links..... | 142 |

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------------|------|
| W. HASTINGS WEBLING | |
| After the Foursome..... | 79 |
| Limericks | 162 |
| Resuscitation | 121 |
| So Different | 47 |
| HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST | |
| My First Golf Cup..... | 110 |
| Still Hoping | 133 |
| That Old Golf Club of Mine..... | 11 |
| The Nineteenth Hole..... | 96 |



INDEX TO TITLES

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| After the Foursome..... | 79 |
| A Ballade of the Inveterate Golfer..... | 52 |
| A Bogey Dream..... | 82 |
| A Brighter World | 61 |
| A Chronic Semi-Finalist | 97 |
| A Favorite of Fortune..... | 19 |
| A Golfer's Appeal to His Clubs..... | 116 |
| A Golfer's Garden of Verses..... | 129 |
| A Golf Song | 1 |
| A Golfer's Wish | 75 |
| All Sufficient | 59 |
| An Amateur's Rosary..... | 59 |
| A Noble Life Work..... | 131 |
| An Over-Drive | 55 |
| A Psalm of Golf..... | 125 |
| A Psalm of the Links..... | 12 |
| A Song of Four Seasons..... | 54 |
| A Song of the Game..... | 88 |
| A Toast | 19 |
| A Tonic for the Game..... | 25 |
| A Triolet of Golf..... | 43 |
| Autumn | 50 |
| A Wonderful Score | 86 |
| | |
| Beating 'Em to It..... | 141 |
| Bunkered | 27 |
| Bunker Wisdom | 3 |

| | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Busy | 20 |
| Caught at Last..... | 42 |
| December | 108 |
| Early Golf | 70 |
| Faith, Hope and Charity..... | 83 |
| Fascination | 41 |
| Fore | 106 |
| Foozlesome's Spring Song..... | 90 |
| From Her Caddie..... | 22 |
| Golf | 124 |
| Golf Balderdash | 120 |
| Golfer's Ballade for Autumn..... | 21 |
| Golfaiyat | 58 |
| Golfer's Hymn | 67 |
| Golf Links..... | 112 |
| Golf versus Nature..... | 71 |
| Helping the Game..... | 60 |
| Her Logic | 29 |
| His Gallery | 118 |
| If | 17 |
| If Gray had been a Golfer..... | 102 |
| In the Spring..... | 114 |
| I saw Phyllis..... | 22 |
| It All Depends upon the Lies..... | 137 |
| It's a Great Life..... | 18 |

Index to Titles

177

| | PAGE |
|-----------------------------|------|
| Jinx's Office..... | 57 |
| Like as We Lie..... | 24 |
| Limericks | 161 |
| Little Things..... | 52 |
| Match Play..... | 157 |
| Mickey Nolan..... | 10 |
| My Caddie..... | 154 |
| My First Golf Cup..... | 110 |
| My Golfing Girl..... | 156 |
| New Year Resolutions..... | 72 |
| Nine Little Golf Holes..... | 13 |
| Nocturnal Golf..... | 73 |
| November | 160 |
| Ode to Golf..... | 66 |
| One Down and One Up..... | 143 |
| On the Golf Club Porch..... | 14 |
| On the Links..... | 4 |
| Perfect Form..... | 134 |
| Perfectly Satisfied..... | 103 |
| Phyllis of the Links..... | 140 |
| Rare Species | 32 |
| Resignation | 160 |
| Resuscitation | 121 |
| Reward of Merit..... | 123 |
| Silence at the Tee..... | 84 |
| So Different..... | 47 |

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------------|------|
| Song of the Champion Ball..... | 44 |
| Sprigs of Solace..... | 65 |
| Still Hoping..... | 133 |
| Stow the Sticks..... | 109 |
| Stymie | 69 |
| | |
| That Old Golf Club of Mine..... | 11 |
| The Ball and the Club..... | 36 |
| The Bonniest Game o' All..... | 46 |
| The Calling of the Links..... | 93 |
| The Clan Angora..... | 99 |
| The Clever Caddy | 126 |
| The Conundrum of the Links..... | 159 |
| The Dubs..... | 34 |
| The Dubs' Lament..... | 7 |
| The Duffer..... | 118 |
| The Easy Go Club..... | 81 |
| The End of a Perfect Game..... | 33 |
| The First Game..... | 136 |
| The Game..... | 128 |
| The Golf Bonnet..... | 147 |
| The Golfer..... | 149 |
| The Golf Fiend..... | 6 |
| The Golf Girl..... | 45 |
| The Golfer's Epitaph..... | 26 |
| The Golfer's Prayer..... | 8 |
| The Liar of the Links..... | 142 |
| The Linguistic Limit..... | 132 |
| The Lorelei of the Links..... | 89 |
| The Lost Ball..... | 35 |
| The Lost Ball..... | 104 |

Index to Titles

179

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| The Many of Many Clubs..... | 77 |
| The Nineteenth Hole | 96 |
| The Old Hundred..... | 38 |
| The One Best Tip..... | 71 |
| The Phantom Links | 91 |
| The Pillow Score..... | 56 |
| The Queen of the Links..... | 139 |
| The Ravin' of a Golf Maniac..... | 62 |
| The Reason..... | 146 |
| The Rime of the Ancient Golfer..... | 150 |
| The Score..... | 15 |
| The Sentimental Golfer..... | 127 |
| The Sitting Hen..... | 51 |
| The Stranger..... | 37 |
| The Supreme Test..... | 138 |
| The Terrible Links..... | 135 |
| The Three Fates..... | 69 |
| The Ultimate Wish..... | 152 |
| The Ungolfing Lover..... | 40 |
| The Village Golfer..... | 49 |
| The Wood..... | 95 |
| There's Nothing Like a Game of Golf..... | 122 |
| Three Up on Ananias..... | 145 |
| To a Golf Ball..... | 30 |
| To a Perfect Putt..... | 68 |
| To the Inexpressible Globe..... | 115 |
| To the Man Who Lost..... | 60 |
| | |
| Until I Die..... | 68 |
| | |
| Victory | 28 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| When I Putt..... | 76 |
| When Kitty Golfs..... | 23 |
| When 'Omer Smote 'Is Bloomin' Ball..... | 48 |
| When the Caddie Is over the Hill..... | 5 |
| Why? | 9 |
| Working Overtime..... | 41 |
| Yesterday | 78 |
| Your Caddie and You..... | 92 |



